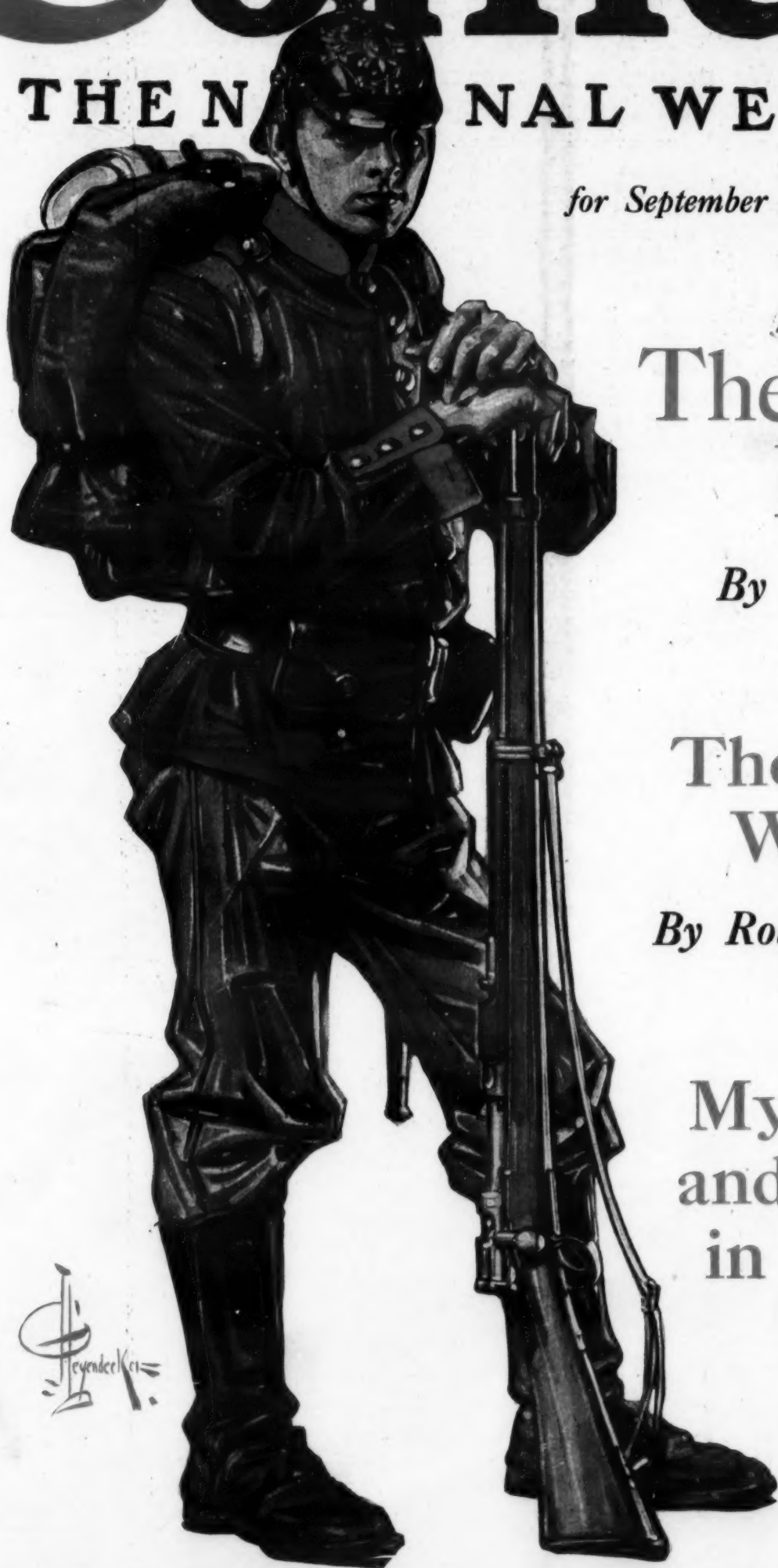


Collier's

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

for September 12, 1914



The Siege of Liege

By George Lynch

The German War Lust

By Robert Crozier Long

My Mission and Betrayal in England

*By
Dr. Armgaard
Karl Graves*

Feyender

Howard E. Coffin Says:

"This new HUDSON Six-40 fulfills all my ambitions. In little and big things—in type and detail—it is my conception of the ideal car. And the 47 experts who have worked for four years on this exquisite model with me, all concur in this opinion."

That's Our Answer

That's our answer to all conflicting views. We must expect them in this hard-fought field.

Howard E. Coffin has led for years in motor car designing. He has pioneered the most important motor car advances. If there is in designing one final authority, Mr. Coffin is that man.

But he never works alone. Forty-seven engineers on the HUDSON corps have worked with him four years on this model. This is their composite idea of the apex in car building.

Then last year's model—much like this—went into thousands of hands. It met every test which a car must meet, without bringing out a fault or shortcoming.

Any owner of a HUDSON Six-40 will say with Mr. Coffin, "This is my ideal car."

Apex Features

The Six, in our opinion, is the apex type. It means continuous

power, persistent torque. And that we consider the ultimate.

This new-type motor—small bore and long stroke—seems to bring operative cost to the minimum. It has saved about 30 per cent.

In lightness, no sturdy car of this size and capacity can hope to far excel this. The Six-40 weight—2,890 pounds—is the record today in this class. Built in cruder ways—as cars used to be—this car would weigh 4,000 pounds.

In beauty and equipment, in comfort and convenience, it is quite apparent that no man as yet sees a way to betterment.

In quality, the very lightness shows this car's supremacy. In price, our \$1,550 is the lowest yet attained in a car of the HUDSON class.

Hundreds Shipped by Express

We trebled our output this year because of this car's popularity. But the demand

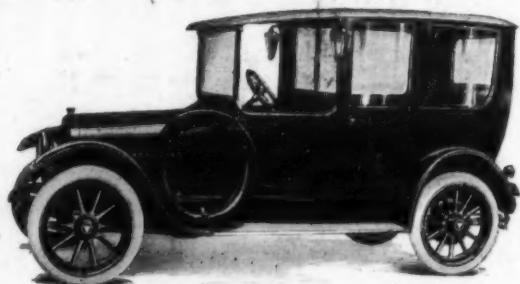
for this new model swamped us. In August, every HUDSON dealer outsold his allotment.

To cope with this call, 45 per cent of our shipments so far have gone out by express. We have shipped solid trainloads by express to save delay for buyers. That is unprecedented in the automobile line.

For September, we increased our planned output one-third. Today you can get prompt delivery. We still ship by express, when necessary, rather than keep men waiting.

Go see this car. All things considered, it's the finest example of the new-day car you will find in any showroom now.

Hudson dealers are everywhere.
New catalog on request.

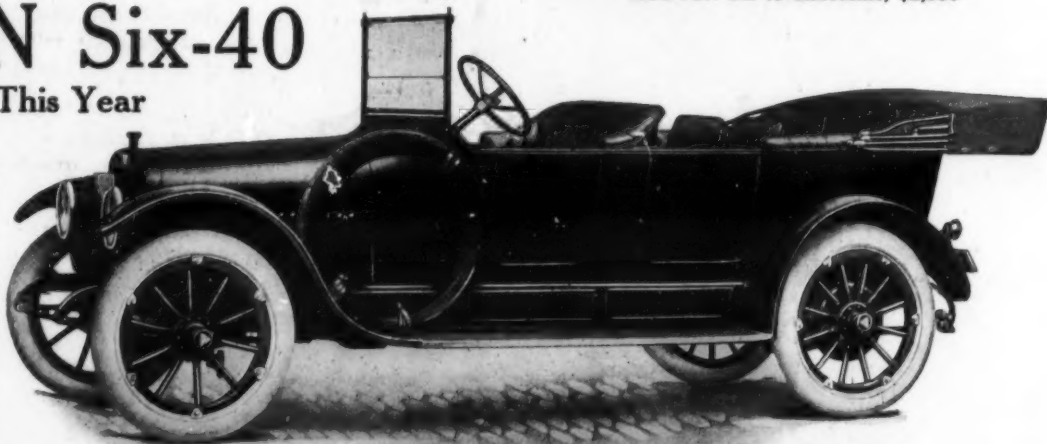


HUDSON Six-40 Limousine, \$2,550

HUDSON Six-40

\$1,550 This Year

A perfect streamline body.
Disappearing tonneau seats.
Invisible hinges.
Hand-buffed leather upholstery.
"One-Man" top with quick-adjusting curtains attached.
Gasoline tank in dash. Tires carried ahead of front door.
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Wires in metal conduits.
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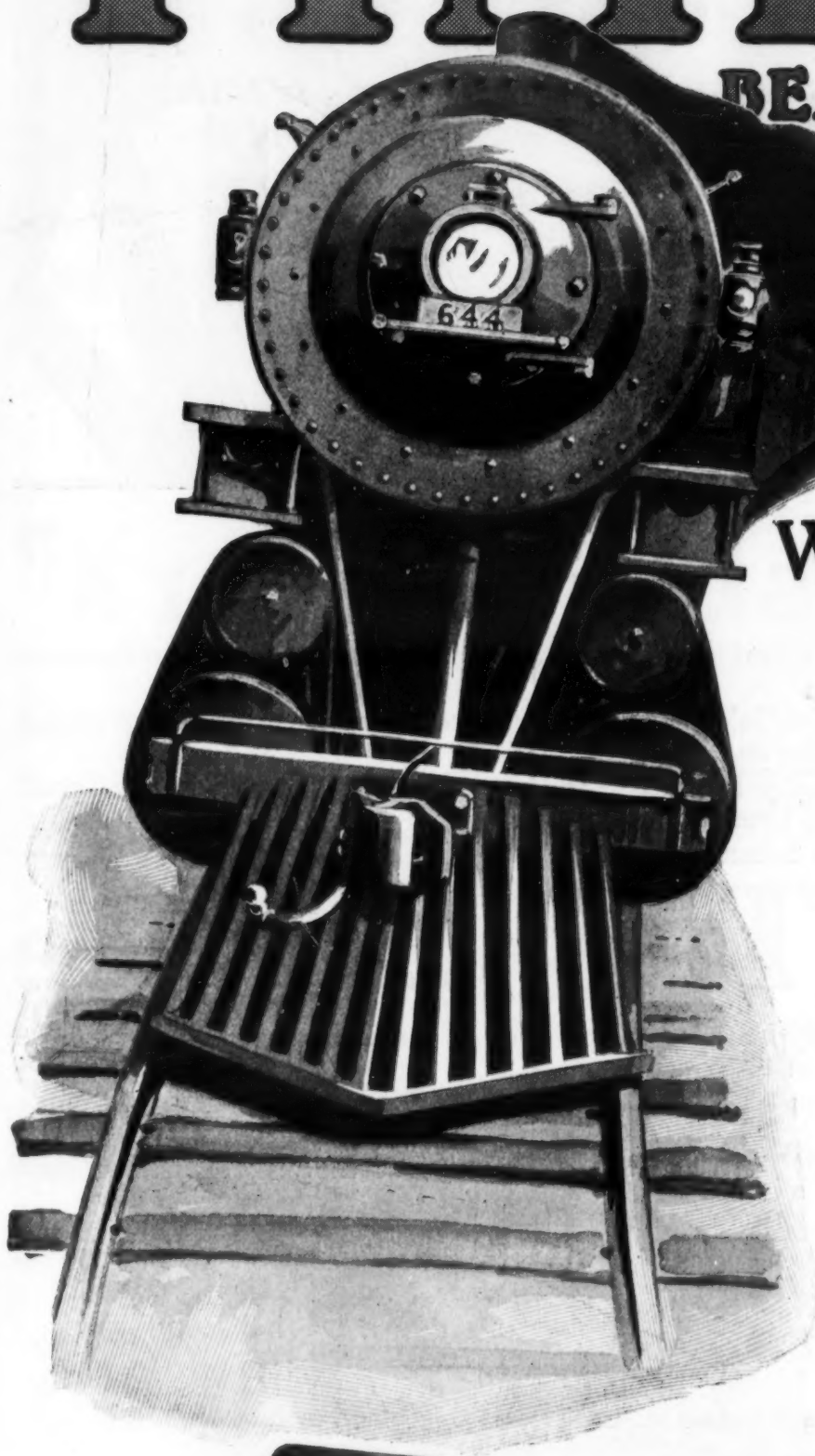


7-Passenger Phaeton, \$1,550. 3-Passenger Roadster, \$1,550. 3-Passenger Cabriolet, \$1,750.
4-Passenger Coupe, \$2,150. All f. o. b. Detroit.
Canadian Prices: Phaeton and Roadster, \$2,100 f. o. b. Detroit, Duty Paid.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 8198 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

TIMKEN

BEARINGS & AXLES



When Your Motor Car Takes the Curve

With a flash and a roar the limited train sweeps by and takes the curve.

Huge locomotive, heavy steel cars—the embodiment of terrific force!

The train tends to keep on in a straight line—yet it does round the curve. Why?

Little flanges on the wheels press sidewise against the outer rail and force a change of direction.

So, when your motor car takes a curve the same force, the same pressure—differing only in degree—is at work.

Rubber tires grip the road, but the heavy chassis struggles to keep on in a straight line.

You feel the force sliding you along the seat. This "end-thrust" concentrates in the centers of the wheels. Axles try to push out through the hubs toward the outside of the curve.

Something must hold the axles back and yet allow the wheels to turn freely. This severe task falls to the wheel bearings. And the bearings must at the same time carry the weight of the car and its load.

It is because of this double duty that it is so important to have good wheel bearings.

A Bearing That Meets End-Thrust In Addition to Vertical Load

It is one of the distinctive features of the tapered roller bearing that because its parts are conical instead of cylindrical it sustains immense pressure from the side at the same time that it is supporting the load, from above. A glance at the picture at the left shows why this is so.

All the pressure, both vertical and horizontal, is distributed over lines as long as the rollers instead of being concentrated at mere points. This wide distribution of pressure prevents undue wear.

And It Is Adjustable

The same tapered construction of the Timken Bearing makes it possible—by moving the cone, rollers and cup into a little closer contact—to entirely offset the effects of the slight wear that will come after many thousands of miles of travel. That is, the Timken is adjustable.

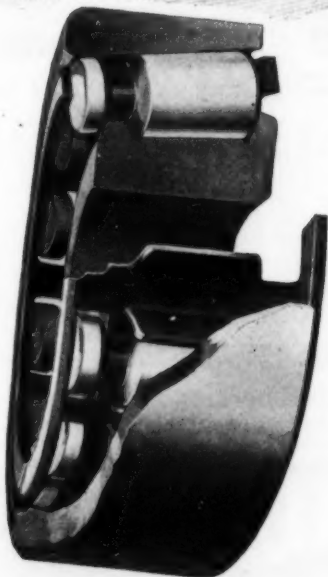
Thus the universal satisfaction with Timken Tapered Roller Bearings in the wheels of hundreds of thousands of high-grade motor cars is due to basic principles of design that are right.

And for the same reason there is the same universal satisfaction with Timken Bearings at the other severe service points—in the transmission, in steering knuckle heads, on the pinion shaft, at each side of the differential, on the worm of a worm drive truck.

Points where end-thrust piles on radial load, and adjustability enables the owner to keep his car tuned up to full efficiency as it grows old in service.

End-thrust, vertical or radial load, adjustability, line contact vs. point contact and many other things about the Timken and other types of bearings are discussed clearly in an interesting booklet "On Bearings." This and a booklet "On Axles" and a list of "The Companies Timken Keeps" will be sent free, postpaid, on your postcard request for the Three Timken Booklets. No salesman will call. Write Dep't B-5, either Timken Company.

A Timken Tapered Roller Bearing partly cut away to show the relations of the parts. Note the taper of cone, rollers and cup. Note also the two ribs on the cone—the "tracks" that keep the rollers in perfect alignment.

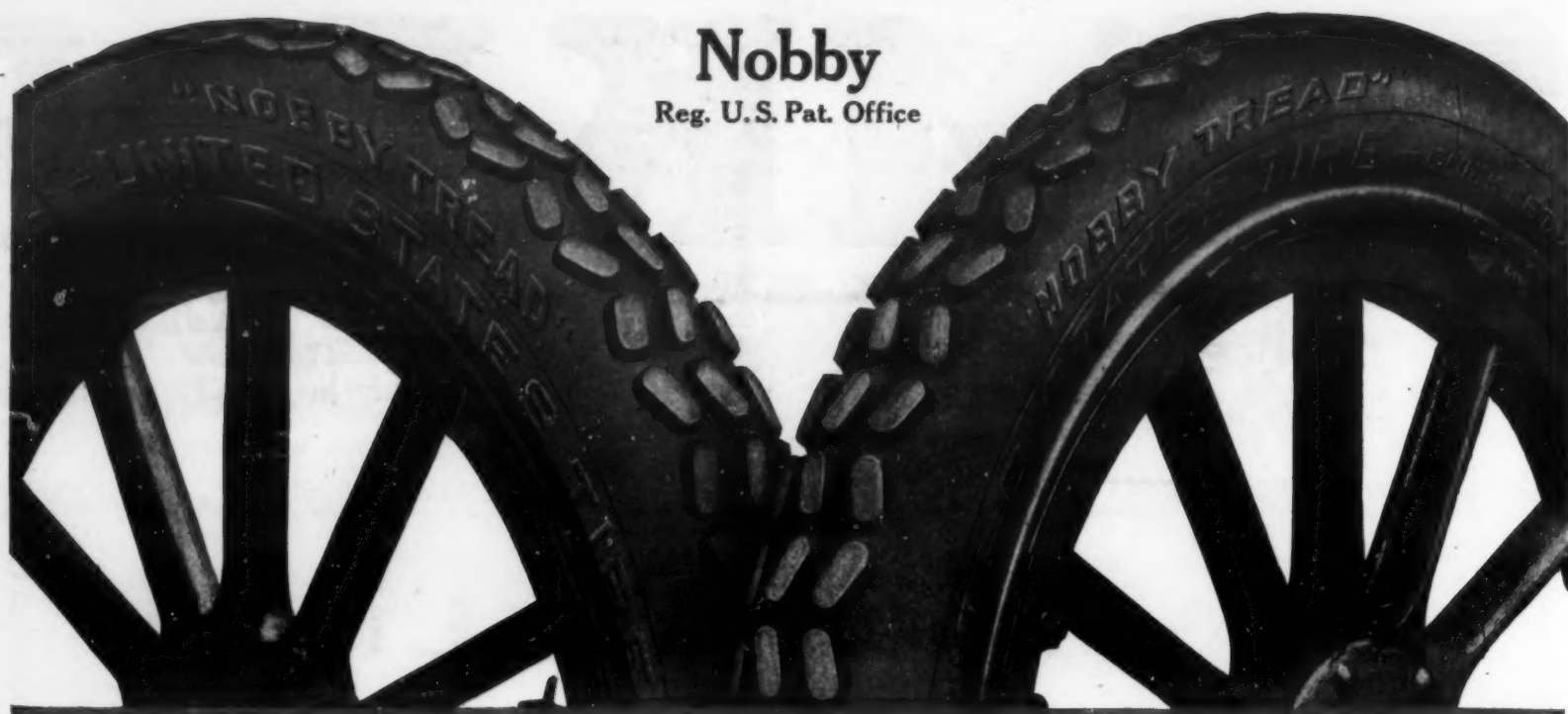


The Timken Bearing meets side pressure or "end-thrust" in addition to vertical load because its rollers are tapered and revolve at an angle to the shaft. The tapered construction also makes the Timken adjustable for continued full efficiency throughout the life of the car.



THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO
THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO., DETROIT, MICH.





Nobby
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

First Cost "Jokers"

"First cost" saving is an "ostrich way" of figuring tire economy—the only true way is to figure on the ultimate cost of your tire service.

The "bargain price" first cost of a tire is the "joker" in your purchase unless the tire adds up enough actual mileage to make it the cheapest tire in the end.

Veteran car owners know this—serious minded business men know this—that is why "Nobby Tread" Tires are the largest selling high-grade anti-skid tires in the world today.

"Nobby Tread" Tires "make good." They actually give the

Cheapest Tire Service

Automobile owners everywhere are rapidly learning to buy tires on a real business basis, viz:—the basis of ultimate economy.

And remember this—investigations prove that with "Nobby Tread" Tires punctures are 90% less than with the average tire.

These are the reasons why "Nobby Tread" Tires are today the largest selling high-grade anti-skid tires in the world.

Based upon their remarkable mileage records

"Nobby Tread" Tires

are now sold under our regular warranty—perfect workmanship and material—BUT any adjustments are on a basis of

5,000 Miles



Thousands upon thousands of veteran motorists now use "Nobby Tread" Tires on their front and rear wheels through all seasons, because they give real anti-skid protection and the lowest cost per mile.

United States Tire Company

NOTE THIS:—Dealers who sell UNITED STATES TIRES sell the best of everything.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Entered at the New York Post
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MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
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The Siege of Liege

I—Shrapnel

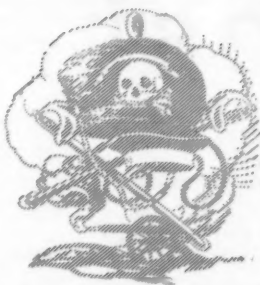
By George Lynch

"DICK DONOVAN," the well-known writer and fellow war correspondent, was a short time ago interesting himself in the development of the island of St. Helena as a health and pleasure resort. I think we all know some one that the place would suit. It was pathetic to watch the people looking out from the Digue here for the ships from England while the sands of their hope and confidence in being able to hold Liege were running out. A week was the utmost, they thought, and they were counting the days. It would have been worth while, from the point of view of the moral effect alone, if we had sent a Margate excursion steamer full on account—or even a penny steamer load.

Ostend is almost deserted, most of the hotels closed, the banks ditto—no people making any money except one little group, the men with telescopes. They were having the time of their lives—sometimes there would be a little queue or a group waiting their turn. After the news of Friday night of the 25,000 killed and twenty-four hours' armistice, however, confidence returned and anxiety for the arrival of "les Anglais" dwindled away. The telescope men joined the great multitude of the unemployed.

When that news arrived, I had gone in to the Kursaal to see the latest telegrams and was talking to a Belgian friend and his wife—a very beautiful woman. She raised her long-lashed gray eyes and said: "Why do you not come—come quickly—when we so want you, Monsieur Lynch?" "Everything comes to him who waits," was the best answer I could make, although it sounded rather cruel.

It was only a few moments after when a door swung open violently and a stout little man, waving a bulletin sheet above his head, called across the room to his wife: "I have good news, my dear, beautiful news," and read the bulletin aloud to a delighted crowd. The Belgians are not as excitable as the French, but the effect was electrical—pent-up, acute anxiety verging on hopeless despondency had possessed them; and in a moment they were transfigured with joy, exultation, and thanksgiving. I turned to madame. The gray eyes were brimming with tears, and her lips were trembling as she whispered: "It's true—everything comes at last." It is extraordinary how this country has been honey-combed and infested with spies. Six were shot this morning. Men in some high positions, like a very rich banker at Antwerp, and men who have lived twenty and thirty years in Belgium. For some time recently their favorite disguise was to get themselves up as priests, but some were caught dressed as women. Arrests are being made every day—a motor car drives up to a house from which three gardes civiles, with rifles and bayonets fixed, emerge; an excited crowd gathers, shouting, shaking their fists and spitting, while execrations and names are being howled out, then probably a pale-faced and cowering figure is hauled out and they drive off. Only a few days before war was declared an attempt was made to blow up the bridge at Zeebrugge. I went there to inspect what is certain to be one of the principal points of debarkation of our troops. It is one of the most extraordinary places I have ever seen in any part of the world. I was stopped and carefully examined in approaching the place, and told on no account whatever to photograph. It consists of an enormous pier 2,800 meters long that took ten years to build, with sufficiently deep water for the largest liners to berth alongside. Then there is an enormous new hotel, two villas and a hotel de ville, big enough for Bruges, which can be seen



in the distance. A hotel de ville without the "ville"! The chief industry of the town is selling picture post cards. Up to a few days ago half the town—viz., one of the villas—was the property of a German officer who had bought it three weeks ago. He made such a hurried departure that he left behind him a quantity of detailed plans and drawings, photographs, and other incriminating documents. The only wonder is that he did not blow up the open ironwork section at the mainland end of the bridge.

Generous Hearts

THERE was not a solitary vessel of any sort alongside the pier; nor, on inquiry from the inhabitants of the hotel, could I learn that they had ever seen one alongside. Pier and hotel were built by the Government at enormous cost, the idea being that Atlantic liners would be induced to call there, but up to the time of going to press they have not called.

A casual remark made by me yesterday was suggestion sufficient to prompt the performance of a very fine and patriotic act. I was talking to Mr. Maurice Harvey, one of those genial, big-hearted men who make the world a sunnier place to live in by simply being in it. Among various commercial interests, he owns the palace of amusements directly behind the royal palace.

"What an ideal hospital for wounded officers it would make!" said I. He agreed. Then, after a few moments' thought, he said, striking the table: "By Jove, I'll give it!" And he is going to.

The building itself, lofty, airy, and well-ventilated, might have been built for the purpose, and within a few yards away are the hotels, villas, and boarding houses where all the wives, sisters, cousins, and aunts can stay until their dear ones completely recover, helped by the glorious air of Ostend, with the slumberous sound of the surf curfewing restlessness at night and calling sleep as no other sound in the world can. There is strenuous activity everywhere around the country, except at Zeebrugge, the city with a future; but that pier will be alive within a few days. There is no "feverish" activity about these Belgians, but strenuous work, carried on with the rapid and smooth effectiveness of perfect organization. All the horses are commandeered, of course. When I asked a brewer friend of mine if he had brewed sufficient for the wants of a hundred thousand thirsty tom-toms, he assured me he had, but that distribution would be his difficulty. I suggested, on the principle of oil transportation, laying a pipe-line to follow the track of the army. He was rather struck with the idea, but a little consideration made me realize how injurious it might be to the cause of the Triple Entente. Just imagine how the Germans would fight if they knew there was a pipe-line of beer direct from a brewery in the enemy's rear! Why, it might change the course of the war and alter the map of Europe.



The defenders of Liege snatch brief moments of sleep between attacks by the Germans. "Our men are almost dying from privation," says a Belgian officer. "Yesterday I counted eight hundred Belgian dead."

II—The Brunt of the Battle

Extracts from Letters I Received from
a Belgian Officer at the Front

SATURDAY.—Many of our men are almost dying from privation. Three German regiments lost their way; many were killed, the rest taken prisoners. We have caught Germans dressed in Belgian officers' and soldiers' uniforms, one dressed as a woman and one as a priest, and were inquiring about our movements and giving our men poisoned chocolates. Two will be shot to-night. We will have a big battle to-morrow; Germans

are massing up. For the first time I have had a good dinner: two hares, bread, wine. Oh! what a dinner! A bed for the first time also.

SUNDAY.—There were spies even in our own ranks—they killed officers and men and killed wounded with the butts of their rifles. From certain companies only six and eight were not killed. More officers are killed; for the Germans, who shoot well, pick them out.

Very expert shots have been selected to pick off officers because they think we are like their troops, who get demoralized when their officers are killed. They make a mistake.

With or without a head, our men go on. We are north of Liege, approaching the ford. Where we are there are 12,000 Germans facing 1,200 of ours. When the Germans come on our wounded they hit the life out of them with the butt ends of their rifles. They trample upon our dead and wounded. We have seen no more airships. When we attack the Germans with the bayonet they throw up their hands. We are more afraid of the spies, however, who are everywhere. We do not know whom to trust. When we find them they are shot within a quarter of an hour. The German bayonet is much longer than ours and has a very sharp edge, which makes a gash like a razor.

The Germans are traitors; they despise all the laws of war. We should never have pity on them. It is only now I really know them. To attain what they want they would kill innocent little children. I have two hundred cartridges; I hope to kill two hundred Germans with them. Yesterday I counted eight hundred dead Belgians. Inhabitants of Liege behaved splendidly, fed the soldiers, brought us food while we were fighting. I slept so well that I forgot we were at war. It was the mistress of the school who fed us, at much trouble. All

our soldiers are doing their duty splendidly. We kill no more uhlans; when we take up our rifles and cover them they throw up their arms—they are cowards at heart. At night, when all seems quiet, they start sniping.

Once the German soldiers lose their officers they are like lost sheep. Our men fight on intelligently, and everyone becomes more courageous and is then an officer to himself.

Think of it—some of the spies were commanding our artillery! The majority of the Germans, the ordinary lot, waste a lot of ammunition. They all are too high. Ours don't fire until each covers his man.

III—Our Lady of Deliverance

CREDO!

It is a mighty thing to hear and see a people pray. Until to-day what had been graven on my mind as the most impressive prayer scene of my experience was when, at a memorable time, looking down from the gallery of the Mosque of St. Sofia, I saw the Moslems pray on brilliant prayer mats covering the vast space under the wide span of that magic-hung dome; they knelt and bowed as the surface of a ripe cornfield does to the summer breeze, as the cry of "Allah ilallah" . . . in passionate wall of supplication rose from that great worshipping multitude of the children of the Prophet.

Though less dramatic or emotional, to-day's scene was to me far more deeply impressive. Undemonstrative and restrained these Belgians are, and all the noblest and best of Brussels were there gathered within the venerable walls of that glorious old cathedral.

Never since it was built could it have been more full, never had the people who built it more reason to gather there to pray! Valiantly as the Belgians had withstood the first German attack, the ominous quietude

of these last two days meant only that thousands more were gathering for the next onslaught. Probably there was not a single member of the vast congregation who had not a relative or at least friends under arms. Only a few miles away their David was waiting for the next onslaught of Goliath. Therefore in their sore need they had gathered to supplicate the intercession of Her who had been their help in times past and to carry Her image in procession just as their ancestors had done long years ago. The best and noblest in the land lent their shoulders, many of them bowed by the weight of financial affairs, and under a gorgeous baldachin followed the Cardinal-Archbishop of Brussels, Monseigneur Messier, bearing the monstrance containing the sacred Host. As the procession moved slowly round, the voices of the vast multitude in solemn hymn, blending with the pealing organ, swelled in one great volume of sound until one fancied the clusters of Gothic columns might be organ pipes breathing their booming music on high against the lofty roof.

Impressive! It was a scene I shall never forget. The dim cathedral, specked with countless candles held by the people—the light from the sinking sun streaming through the great rose-stained glass window; the gorgeous vestments, the incense rising from the censers swung by the acolytes in scarlet soutanes, but above all the sense of fervor and belief that emanated from the prayerful throng!

THE image of the Virgin and Child was replaced upon the pedestal; a hush fell, as if from the high altar; the Cardinal raised the sacred Host in benediction. Every head was bowed; a beautiful woman who knelt beside me was bedewing the marble pavement with her tears—a silvery bell rang out on the silence.

Our Lady of Deliverance!
Will their prayer be heard?



Drawn by E. Fuhr from a Sketch by George Lynch

In Brussels, just before the Burgomaster surrendered the keys of the city, an automobile swept through the streets laden with men displaying German helmets that had been captured before Liege. A very little later the capital lay supine under the overwhelming numbers of the invaders

The German War Lust

(Written in the British Ambassador's train between Oldenzaal and the Hook of Holland)

By Robert Crozier Long

DRAWING BY C. R. WEED

THE most awful thing in war is the singing." "Im Krieg man singt; das ist der schrecklichste der Schrecken." So wrote the dead novelist, Paul Heyse. Having reached the Dutch frontier, after twenty-five hours' railroad traveling through a tempest of war songs, I say that Heyse is right. I heard how seven Russians of the frontier patrol were burnt to death near Wirballen; and it made no impression on me. Nor will, I believe, the inevitable "five-million battle." But I shall remember to my dying day how Germans sang their war songs while the train of Ambassador Goschen, the leader of their foes, steamed slowly toward the neutral frontier of Holland.

This is the most marvelous thing of the Armageddon. For six hours after leaving Berlin I saw few signs of war. I saw at Doeberitz twenty aeroplane frames, without motors or wings, heaped by the depot. They looked like roc's skeletons. I saw trains of ununiformed reservists steaming east. The trains were adorned with green branches and white derisive inscriptions. The soldiers had chalked on the doors their views of France and Russia. "Imagine," said the Belgian Minister Beyens, "a German who chalked anything on a railroad car in peace time!" War brings liberty!

Singing the British Out

IFIRST believed that there was no war when the Germans began to sing. They sang first, I think, at Hanover. Our train drew up at a platform crowded with reservists in civilian clothes. Each man carried a neat cardboard box with his effects and food.

The news spread like fire that here was the British Ambassador. "Der Botschafter Goschen!" the envoy of Germany's latest, greatest, most inexorable foe. Then the reservists, pale-faced shopmen and clerks, began to sing as only Germans sing. A few menaced. They sang "The Watch on the Rhine," the most terrible of war songs, which to France's "Marseillaise" is as a steel bar is to a rapier. After Hanover, Germans sang all the way. At Wunstorf, our next stopping place, we were sung to by Red Cross girls. This was more terrible still. It was pitch dark. Behind the barrier inclosing the platform crowded the whole Wunstorf population. On the platform, so close that they breathed against the windows, were two hundred girls. The car in which I was dining with the "Standard" correspondent stopped opposite the middle of the singing group. At first the girls made no demonstration. Then a whisper passed round. "Der englische Botschafter!" ("The English Ambassador!")

The girls began to sing. For half an hour they sang, "Germany, Germany Over All," to Haydn's heart-searching music. Plain repetition without taking breath. They changed to "The Watch on the Rhine" and sang it thrice. Then our train left. The girls waved their hands ironically. They kept perfect order. But the drilled singing, the spiteful, sardonic faces, and the last contemptuous movement of the hands! I shan't forget it. All that night, whenever we stopped at wayside stations, we heard from disciplined throats that Germany would be "over all in the world," and that "The Watch on the Rhine" was "honest and true." Ehrlich und treu! I began to wish that the crowds would throw stones or raid the train. But every half hour instead rang out the tremendous singing. The exception was the last station we passed before the Dutch frontier. Here there was hardly a soul in sight. Only a sentry, a station master, and a small boy. A little attenuated, spiderlike boy swinging a vast wooden sword, on his head a ridiculous toy Pickelhaube helm. The boy looked at us, asked the sentry a question and began to cry. Then for a moment he straightened himself, held out his sword, and began in the thinnest of squeaky trebles to whine "The Watch on the Rhine." After the martial chanting through the black of the past night, it seemed a whimsical imp's mockery. So we were sung out of Germany.

Overnight the Socialists Become Patriotic

ILEFT Berlin after nearly six years' residence as correspondent of the London "Westminster Gazette," and other journals and reviews. Our train carried off the British Ambassador, Sir Edward Goschen, with staff, the Belgian Minister with staff, about ten newspaper correspondents, and a few lucky Britons who



"We shall defend ourselves to the last breath of man and horse. And we shall be victorious in this fight, even against a world of enemies. Forward with God, who will be with us, as He has been with our forefathers!"

managed to get German Foreign Office passes. I had arrived in Berlin from Saarow by the Lake of Scharmuettel on the day of Franz Ferdinand's assassination. So I witnessed the whole preliminaries of Europe's Armageddon tragedy, the human and social sides of which I shall now describe.

The war made Germany united, unanimous, and resolute. This momentous fact transcends all controversies as to historic and diplomatic origins. The first effect was the death of Internationalism. Internationalist Social-Democracy with its 2,300,000 registered adherents and its 4,250,000 Reichstag voters vowed to a man to support the Kaiser's policy. In the Reichstag on August 5, the Red Deputy Haase declared that Internationalism admitted the right of every nation to self-defense. The Reds would support no war of conquest. They desired peace whenever the foe wanted it. But they voted as a man the war credit of \$1,250,000,000. When Haase, one of the reddest of Social-Democrats, made this historic demonstration, the whole Reichstag applauded. Even the tough Junker-Conservative leader, Heydebrand und der Lase, rose demonstratively from his seat.

The Kaiser Bids the Multitude Pray

NOW to the human factors of the war. I put Wilhelm II first; he has sent to the front six stalwart sons; he goes himself; his nephews, cousins, and remoter relatives go. They go not as shirkers, as ornaments, as inspiration, but as soldiers and sailors. I saw the Kaiser on the day of his arrival from Potsdam. That was on Friday, July 31. A tremendous bass voice bawled from a window of the Kaiser chambers overlooking the Lustgarten: "Quiet, the Kaiser will speak!" Wilhelm II, accompanied by the Kaiserin, by Princes Adalbert and Oscar, walked on to the raised terrace. He looked pale, yellow, old, soldierly, resolute. I saw his lips moving; but knew his words only next day. The speech contained a defense of Germany's efforts for peace, which were in vain. The

enemy forced on war! Note the sentence: "Man drückt mir das Schwert in die Hand!" ("They have thrust the sword into my hand!") And he bid the multitude disperse to the churches and pray.

The Kaiser later drove down the Unter den Linden in his yellow motor car, heralded, as ever, by trumpets. I saw him again on Saturday evening after mobilization was proclaimed. Again he appeared before the Schloss. He proclaimed that Germany was as one man, and that he forgave his enemies and all who had spoken ill of him.

Crucial Midnight

THIS was a memorable day. At the preceding midnight Germany had sent Russia the twelve hours' ultimatum and got no answer. If M. Sazanoff gave Count Pourtalès an answer, if Count Pourtalès sent it to Berlin, it never arrived. War was certain. The Kaiser proclaimed the fact by appearing in the dull gray-green field uniform of the Feldjaeger Corps. As he spoke, red mobilization posters began to flame on the pillars. They proclaimed the mobilization arrangements for eight days and ended with "U. S. W." That meant that the further mobilization order would be proclaimed later. Germany did not give away the exact duration of her mobilization. Nobody knows it except the higher staff. I heard officers arguing on the subject.

At 5.45 a Reichstag deputy mounted the top of an automobile about a hundred yards to the east of the Russian Embassy and shouted: "War is declared." I was on my way to the Russian Embassy and I gave this news. The news was wrong. War was not declared in formal fashion. I met in the embassy the Ambassador, M. Sverbeeff; Prince Vassiltchikoff and M. Catargi, secretaries; Captain Behrens, the naval attaché, and some other old friends. Sverbeeff knew nothing. He had heard that a Russian reply had been sent off at midnight (immediately on receipt of the ultimatum). This information was apparently wrong. He had not been at the Foreign Office since Friday morning, and had no notion of what was going on. He and his staff feared to go into the streets. I laughed and told them stories of the perfect order prevailing. Events proved them right. When

they were leaving Berlin, already seated in their automobiles, a vicious attack was made by the mob. Police President Jagow, who dragged Berlin successfully during four years of peace, failed miserably to keep order during war.

The disorderly parties were largely disreputable cosmopolitans from the Friedrichstadt district. Most Berliners behaved well. The house porter of my apartment at Berlinerstrasse, Wilmsdorf (himself a Landsturm man already notified that he might be required), behaved toward me after the British declaration of war precisely as he had before. I offered him money and he refused it. From commissions which he had done for me he knew that the newspaper correspondents were short of funds.

War Decimates Every Family

EVERY German rushed to serve his country. Every father and mother rejoiced. I shall give only cases known to me personally. When mobilization was proclaimed, the only son of my friend and house colleague, Herr Herrmann, a talented architect, was sailing a yacht on the Lake of Constance. He was twenty-three years old, had never served, but had been sent straight to the untrained Ersatz-Reserve. He would now be trained for four weeks, then sent to the front. His father, his mother, and his little sister, Antonie Herrmann, wept all day. Not because death had drawn nigh; because they feared young Herrmann would not hear of the mobilization order, would arrive late, and bear the innocent disgrace of involuntary desertion. When he arrived their joy was greater than if he had returned unscathed from a battle. This sentiment compared nobly with the conduct of the ambassador of one of the belligerent powers. In reply to my question to this high diplomat how many of his four sons would serve, he said: "Thank God, only one. This boy"—here he pointed to a good-looking, six-foot lad of twenty-odd—"wants to volunteer. But I won't let him. His mother . . ."

I heard a story of a Landsturm man who offered to personate a Landwehr man to whom for family reasons field service was an exceptionally severe blow. He risked getting himself and his friend shot. From the clerk in my bookseller's store, Hahne of Joachimsthal-

strasse, I heard of another striking case. On July 30 a young German arrived from Paris. In 1911 he evaded military service, made for New York, and was last employed as a mechanic by a French auto firm. He was hiding in Berlin. Asked why he deserted, he answered: "I could not stand the thought of service." Asked why he returned, he answered: "To serve, but only if war comes." He was advised to come out of hiding, report to the War Office, and take advantage of the coming amnesty for deserters. He refused, because in that case he must serve whether it came to war or not. This was a weak, puny, timorous man, who dreaded the rude barrack life and the Feldwebel's curses. The army seemed to him the worst of lives. But to serve his country he would put up with the army, perhaps with torture and death as well.

I could fill pages with the greatness and baseness of Germany in her hour of trial. War makes all men whiners or actors. Two years ago at Bogados, near the Chataldja lines, a Greek deputation begged me and my friend, Francis McCullagh, to ask the British fleet to come to their protection. Why? Because their hens had been eaten by famished Turks. Ten days later General Popoff, commander of the First Brigade before Chataldja, told me of a Bulgarian who was court-martialed and shot because he stayed behind to defend a Turkish family against marauders until gendarmes could arrive to protect them. That was the way at Berlin during the momentous days beginning July 30.

Knaves and Fools of War Time

SOME Germans acted basely, filled their houses with provisions, and tried to exploit the universal misery. A small tradesman, whose shop is on the ground floor of my house, boasted that he had bought up \$750 worth of flour, and would sell it for \$4,000. He reckoned without his host, as next day General von Kessel, commandant in the Mark, declared the maximum price of flour to be not more than 30 pfennigs a pound. Another rascal in our quarter frightened housekeepers into buying flour at 110 pfennigs a pound. A Charlottenburg trader caught in such villainy shot himself. The locksmith Adolf Henckel, also of Charlottenburg, was sent to force the locks in the house of an officer newly arrived in Berlin. He carried off the silver spoons. He was arrested and shot. Order was good; this is the only case I know of shooting for other causes than espionage and treason. War baseness and timidity have their humorous features. A frightened English governess asked the British Embassy to have the war postponed for half a day. She wanted to get to Frankfurt on the Oder. I have written elsewhere of the apothecary of Nollendorf Platz. He is historic. General von Kessel's billposters pasted their blood-red mobilization placards over his advertisements of a cosmetic. He implored the general to bid the billposters in future to leave his advertisements in peace.

An Englishman's Praise of Germany

BERLIN army officers behaved well. The war transformed and transfigured the stiff Herr Lieutenant. Often the officer in peace is a bit—well, Zuberu says enough. When danger drew nigh, these officers behaved with courage and calm. They were heroes of a war-mad populace, yet unspoiled. In the Bayerischer platz district where I live are many officers and many Englishmen and Americans. After the automobiles disappeared I traveled daily many times on the underground in trains crowded with officers. There was no pose, no pathos, no advertised heroism. The officers looked well. They were already wearing the new gray-green field uniform, with light-colored straps. The Pickelhaube helmet, including the spike, is covered with a nightcap of uniform material. This is to prevent the glittering metal parts presenting a target to sharpshooters. In some cases the cap did not entirely conceal the spike, and brass nickel parts showed through the openings.

Most persons in these trains knew I was an Englishman. An officer even asked to look at a copy of my paper, the "Westminster Gazette." That was on Wednesday, after England had declared war. He read an article not too friendly to Germany and returned the paper with thanks. The conduct of officers strongly contrasted with that of the police and of some civilians, who roughly arrested and sometimes mishandled British subjects. My conclusion is that Germany in the hour of peril showed the vast national advantage of drill, of discipline, of class codes of honor, even when these codes (as in all militarist states) are perverted or exaggerated.

Human, all too human, were the blunders of suspicious soldiers, policemen, and civilians. On August 1 the War Ministry issued a request that Germans should watch out for spies and take preventive meas-

ures against the throwing of bombs from trains on to bridges. An hour later I saw the inside of a train at Friedrichsstrasse station placarded with bright red notices rehearsing this request. The public with ultra-human zeal set to work to help the authorities. They seized or demanded papers from every Russian. Later they arrested Englishmen. Americans who spoke English in public places shared the same fate. The populace seized suspicious-looking Germans and did not stop until several officers in uniform, on the way to

cashier who was bringing a wad of money to pay laborers on the Tempelhof Field. After patriotically helping to apprehend a "spy" he made off. Five minutes later he himself was arrested. He protested.

"My German accent proves I'm no foreigner!"

"It proves you're a spy. Spies always speak good German."

Here the crowd began a search. No money was found. "He's certainly a spy," shouted the chief amateur detective. "He hasn't got a pfennig on him."

"Not a pfennig!" roared the mob.

Here a searcher unearthed a thousand marks in small notes.

"That proves he's a spy!" bawled the crowd. "He got it from France in small notes so as to bribe our brave soldiers. Who gave you the money?"

And, having with true German punctiliousness counted the money, made a memorandum and given the "spy" a receipt, they proceeded to beat him. A policeman ended the comedy. My old friend, Samuel Beach Conger, Associated Press correspondent, was seized at Gumbinnen as a Russian spy. As he lay in jail, Berlin newspapers reported that "a Russian grand duke had been arrested at Gumbinnen." Only war transfigures mere newspaper men into grand dukes.

Brides Waiting in Line

THE first result of mobilization and war was a rush to the churches.

Marriage and death were indissolubly combined and every betrothed soldier set about to wed. A decree proclaimed that for Nottrauungen (immediate marriages of soldiers) banns and other formalities were dispensed with. Between Saturday morning, August 1, and Tuesday at twelve, there were 4,400 such weddings. Half were solemnized on Sunday. I saw some of this. I was driving past the red brick church in Wilhelmsaue where my own child was christened. Outside were twenty-odd couples in a queue, as if waiting for a theatre, not for marriage and death. Some soldier bridegrooms were in uniform; reservists were in mufti. The reservists carried the inevitable cardboard box. I saw two girls in the queue keeping places for bridegrooms who had not yet come, and I saw men keeping places for their brides. The parties were of all classes—rich girls in wedding dress who had come in motor cars, servant girls with red arms straight from their work.

Mars Vanquishes Eros

WITH these "war marriages" the God of War deals grimly. The reserve artillery lieutenant, Nielsen, came

from his regiment at Chemnitz to Berlin to marry the niece of General Berndt, commander of the Twelfth Artillery Brigade at Nisse. In Berlin he found that she had got a special permit to travel, and had left by train for Chemnitz, intending to wed him there. The trains crossed. Lieutenant Nielsen, unwedded, that evening left for the front. In addition to many Bismarcks, Buelows, Moltkes, and members of other famous families, the Kaiser's two sons, Princes Oscar and Adalbert, were among the bridegrooms—both nice, clean-living, patriotic lads. Oscar's marriage to Countess Ina von Bassewitz was solemnized at Schloss Bellevue, in North Berlin. Adalbert married Princess Adelheid of Saxe-Meiningen. I am told that he kissed his bride after the ceremony and immediately left for headquarters on the North Sea. Such partings were illuminated by hope. One of my servants told me a story more terrible. It concerns one of her own cousins. The story I almost shrink from printing, for I believe it is unexampled even in the incalculable tragedy of war. Here is the story:

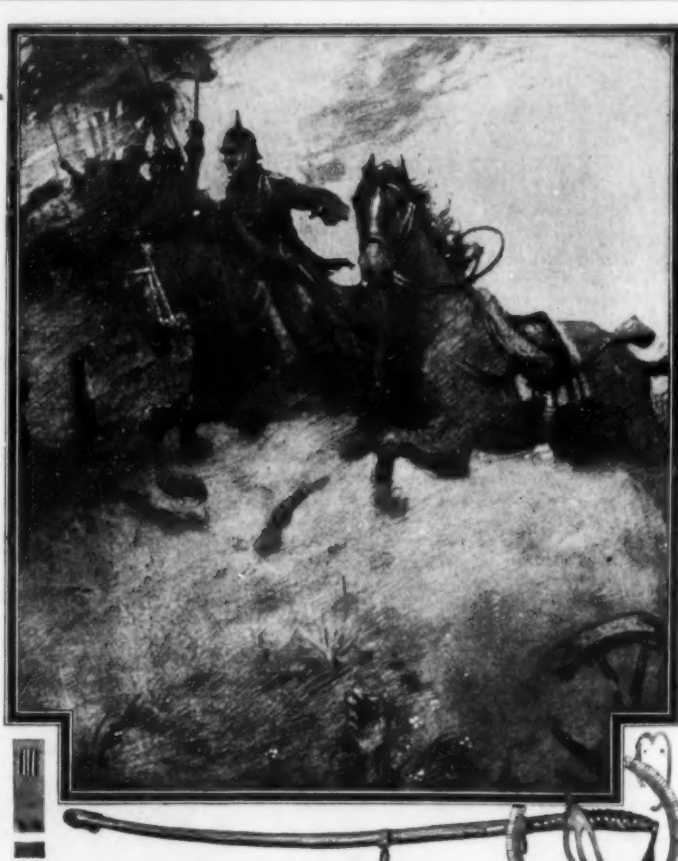
The Gefreiter (private absolved from sentry duty but not yet with noncom's rank), George Lepsius, was obliged to report himself at barracks at 11.40 a. m. At 11.45 the regiment would march to the Potsdamer Railway depot, en route to Colmar. Lepsius was engaged to an attractive shop girl, Marie Schulze. At 11.15 the soldier decided for a war wedding, made for his sweetheart's house at Teltow, and carried her off to the Teltow Trinity Church. She went in her working clothes.

On the way the pair stopped, and, failing to find orange blossoms, bought a bouquet of lilies. By 11.30 the wedding was almost over. When the soldier bridegroom put the ring on his beloved's finger, she dropped like a stone. Her forehead struck the altar steps. The pastor undid her bodice, put his hand on her heart, and ejaculated:

"Your unhappy bride—"

"Thre unglückliche Braut—"

And he stopped. Lepsius for a moment seemed dazed. Then he looked at his watch, put a lily in the dead girl's hand, and, making a military salute to the pastor and clerk, tramped out of the church.



Into the Battle

By GRANTLAND RICE

INTO the battle the Trooper speeds
As the bugles call and the drums respond;
Into the fight as the captain leads

Where the low line waits on the hills beyond;
Waits for the signal—then the crack

Of blue steel rimmed with a crest of flame,
And few ride back on the homeward track
Where many rode when the order came.

Into the battle the Trooper speeds,
Into the line where the rifle rings,
But little the Trooper hears or heeds
The song of hate which the shrapnel sings—
The roar of battle—the curse—the shout—
The crash and clamor of friend and foe—
The riderless horse that wheels about
And gallops past to the plains below.

For out from the smoke wreath, far away,
He hears the patter of little feet;
The dim, far call of a child at play
With babyhood laughter, low and sweet;
The murmur of voices, dream-sweet far
From the little path to the cottage gate,
Where eagerly under the evening star
Mother and child in the twilight wait.

Into the battle the Trooper speeds—
But somewhere out from the far-off lands
An echo drifts where a soft voice pleads
And the tender pressure of little hands;
A mother's lullaby from the night
And a call to the Great White God in prayer
That one will come from the far-off fight
To those who wait in the darkness there.

fight for their Fatherland, were under arrest as spies. A reserve officer, who appeared in the street in faded trousers and a new tunic, was seized by a mob that asked him if he was "the Frenchman who poisoned the wells at Metz." In peace time the officer would have sliced off the amateur detectives' arms, and a court-martial would have acquitted him. The officer behaved calmly, laughed at the crowd, and allowed himself to be taken to the police station.

Once at least the biter was bit. Among the crowd hunting spies in the Charlottenstrasse was a zealous

Marconi vs. Hymen

By Frank X. Finnegan

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

SOMEbody, who ought to know, once observed with an air of authority that all the world loves a lover, since which time the statement has been generally accepted at its face value; but in the case of Peter Weber, dyer and cleaner, of Halsted Street, we note an exception.

The antipathy of Mr. Weber did not run against lovers in general. It was reserved in all of its Teutonic strength for a tall, thin young man who answered to the name of "Billy" when he was behind the counter in Deist's grocery store, but who preferred to be called "Mr. Harding." Halsted Street, not being given to exaggeration in the matter of social forms, compromised by calling him "Billy." And the genesis of Mr. Weber's loathing for the agile young man lay in the fact that Billy aspired to annex Lena, the daughter of the house of Weber, to the name of Harding.

With this object in view, Billy put in most of what waking hours he could spare from the exactions of the grocery business burning incense before the shrine of Miss Weber; the same taking the tangible form of ice-cream sodas, trolley rides to amusement parks, visits to tango temples, lengthy strolls in the park, occasional club sandwiches, and very frequent conferences on benches in shadowy nooks. Herr Weber, having scented from afar the atmosphere of adoration that radiated from Billy when he was within the zone of influence, issued a ukase that was intended to end his hopes summarily.

OF COURSE the command that the grocer's assistant should bask no longer in Lena's smiles, and should squander his wages in some other direction, served to bring about that secrecy and stealth which only feeds the flame of love.

"He is after a wife with money, this fellow," Mr. Weber stormed at his red-eyed daughter after his third and fourth warnings had been ignored. "Why should he have the nerve to hang around after you—such a grocery clerk? You ought to be ashamed—a daughter of mine! You should get a business man when you get a husband—somebody with money in the bank, that amounts to something. A grocery clerk! Humph! If I see him again with you some time I'll break his back! He thinks something should be coming to you if I die; that's what it is!"

Lena was not without a flash of her father's spirit. She dried her tears at that and raised her chin rebelliously.

"He is nothing of the kind—a fortune hunter!" she retorted. "He's an honest, hard-working young fellow that's ready to make his own way. And if he should look ahead a little and figure on his wife bringing him money to start in business for himself," she added, "would you count it against him? That's what you call smart when somebody else around the corner does it. That's the kind of a fellow that gets along, you say. But when it comes into your own family it's different."

HER father removed his pipe to stare open-mouthed at the rebel. The feminist movement had not touched his placid existence. In the scheme of things as he understood it, womenfolk did what they were told.

"Tell me something," he said heavily, "am I the head of my own house?"

Lena did not reply. He took it that his question did not require an answer.

"Then I am telling you this fellow Harding is no good," he declared. "I don't want you should have anything more to do with him. And if you don't do what I say—if you should be such a fool as to marry him—not a dollar of mine do you ever see. I'm through with you. You understand me, Lena? Then that's enough I have said."

Followed a fortnight of secret trysts and stolen meetings and of whispered messages over Mr. Weber's own telephone wire while he played pinochle in Heidelberg's back room; vows were repeated with a bland disregard for the Weber bank account, upon which Mr. Weber believed all things must hinge. Finally, on a balmy Saturday morning, little Miss Weber, in her jauntiest tailor-made, crowned with a military confection that had graced a Halsted Street window the day before, stood at the rail of the *City of Ludington*

and looked anxiously down upon the dwindling crowd that passed in over the gangplank.

HER heart began to beat faster and a puzzled little frown deepened between her blue eyes as the last of the excursionists, basket laden and with umbrellas and raincoats trailing behind them, came hurrying along the pier to be swallowed up in the laughing, chattering crowd aboard the big steamer. The whistle



"You're Lena Weber," the brisk young man declared. . . .
"Well? Supposing that I am," Miss McMullen returned.
"What's the big idea of you weaving up here and telling me about it?"

boomed out its warning above her while she still strained her vision along the deserted pier and the deck hands began hauling in the gangplank.

AROUND the corner of a red freight shed beside the pier a stout woman with a heavy suit case suddenly appeared on the run, waving her hand bag frantically at the steamer and squealing for delay. Two freight handlers helped her over the trembling gangplank, to the admiration of a thousand spectators along the rails of three decks, the ropes were cast off, and the *City of Ludington* slowly began to move off.

No one noticed Lena's perturbation. The crowds of holiday seekers, setting out on week-end excursions across the lake, or longer vacation trips, were too much concerned in waving farewells to their friends outside the pier railing or in searching for comfortable seats to observe the scared little girl who stood on deck all alone, a suit case at her feet, watching the great buildings that lined the river slip past the steamer as it rapidly forged on its way toward the shimmering lake.

Somewhere up forward a band suddenly struck up a tango melody. There was a quick hustling away of chairs and camp stools, and then the shuffling of feet and little screams of delight that told the dance was on. Waiters, strident of voice and familiar of manner, began circulating through the crowd bearing loaded trays aloft and crying for room. The excursion was on, and in all the crowd only Lena Weber failed to revel in the spirit of it.

FOR nearly a half hour she stood at the rail until the steamer had passed out into the lake and the sky line of the city was beginning to be shrouded in smoke.

Then she took up the suit case and moved slowly through the noisy crowd to a companionway that led to the ladies' saloon, descended the staircase with a brave effort to keep her white lips from

trembling, and made her way to a red plush-covered sofa to think things over. She had not reached the seat when she was hailed by a friendly voice that made her drop the heavy bag in her surprise.

"Hello, Lena! Where to all alone?" it said.

She turned quickly and almost tottered toward the young woman who had called to her.

"Birdie!" she shrieked. "Oh, Birdie, I'm—I'm so glad to see you!"

And, by way of proving it, she immediately burst into the flood of tears that she had been struggling so hard to hold back.

Miss Birdie McMullen, the queen of Halsted Street, elevated her eyebrows a trifle and seized Miss Weber by both hands.

"You seem to be tickled to death to have me horn in on your party," she said. "If you loosen up like this when you're glad, Lena, I'd certainly hate to meet you at a funeral without any rain proof. What's the idea?"

LENA continued to weep for a few moments, while Birdie regarded her curiously. They were by no means close friends, but Miss McMullen knew the Weber girl as she knew pretty much everyone in Halsted Street, and knew something of the loneliness and hard work Lena had known since her mother's death three years before. On her part, the dyer's daughter looked up to Birdie McMullen as to one on a plane many degrees above her own, and to which she would never aspire.

"I look foolish crying when I say I'm glad to see you, don't I?" Lena admitted, dabbing her eyes with her handkerchief. "But I couldn't help it, Birdie. It looked so good to see you when I'm in such trouble."

"In trouble?" Miss McMullen repeated. "There it goes. I knew I couldn't get over to South Haven for a couple of days without bumping into some one who was going down for the third time and yelling to me for a life preserver. Well, come over here and tell me about it," she went on, slipping a motherly arm around the girl's shoulder. "What on earth are you doing in this bunch of week-end highfliers if you're in trouble?"

She led Lena to the red-plush sofa, and they sat down, the younger girl still weepy and shaken. They had the big room to themselves for the moment save for a woman at the farther end who was intent upon caring for her baby.

"Why, that's just it, Birdie," Miss Weber explained. "It was all right when I started out, but—but it's happened since then. I'm eloping," she added, looking up timorously.

"Eloping! Then, believe me, you're right about that trouble stuff," Birdie rejoined. "Where's the other half of the sketch?"

"Who?" Lena asked.

"The provider—the busy Jimmie of the affair—the man, silly! You're not eloping with the suit case, are you?" Miss McMullen rejoined.

"Oh, that's what's the matter!" Lena exclaimed. "He didn't come!"

BIRDIE sat back and looked at her accusingly.

"See here, Lena Weber," she said, "if you're trying to get by with a single-handed elopement, don't spring it on South Haven. They're used to the real article over there in flocks and bunches, but it takes at least two to make an elopement look natural—sometimes three if pa gets on the trail fast enough to grab a train in Chicago and get over there ahead of the steamer. What seems to have happened to your bridegroom?"

Miss Weber clouded up again, and her tears flowed afresh.

"I don't know," she wailed. "He was to meet me here on the boat, and we were going to be married in South Haven this afternoon, and—and here he's missed the boat or been murdered or something, and I'm here all alone. Oh, Birdie, what am I going to do?"

"Don't cry all over this nice red sofa and get it spotted up; there's a nice girl," Birdie advised. "And he could easily miss the boat without being slaughtered—I've known a lot of people to do that. All you've got to do is loll around here in a steamer chair until we get to South Haven, and then take a train back home. You can get there by eight o'clock, and you needn't tell everybody along the road where you've been and

what's happened. And after you've put your little suit case away in the clothes closet just get your Wandering Willie on the telephone and find out how about it. That's all easy enough, and I don't see any reason for you doing a Brodie over the side of the boat."

"But—but what will I tell my father?" Lena sobbed. "Say, you're going to have a lot of nice long hours to figure out what you'll tell him," Miss McMullen said. "The less fathers know about elopements the better for all hands round and ladies change. Haven't you got a cousin or an aunt, or something handy like that, where you could have gone for the day? Relations ought to be of some use, you know."

LENA looked up at her tragically through her tears. "How can I?" she wailed. "I left a note telling him I was running away with Will Harding to get married!"

"That does mix things up a whole lot," Birdie admitted. "I never could see why you high-strung young things, that dash to the altar up a sidetrack instead of taking the main line, always have to scatter a lot of literature around for father. He'd find it out fast enough without any inside information in advance. So it's Billy Harding that you've almost eloped with, eh? Well, you might do worse, Lena. If he's really missed the boat and hasn't got cold feet before making the big jump, things ought to straighten themselves out all right when we get across the lake. We might telephone him from over there, or something like that. Cheer up, and don't have a red nose for your wedding," she added, patting the disconsolate fugitive on the shoulder. Miss Weber sniffed into her handkerchief a few times more, wiped her eyes, and tried to smile recognition of this optimistic outlook.

"I should have let him come with me right from our corner, the way he wanted to," she said, "but I thought I was going to be smart. Will had to attend to some business for his boss this morning that couldn't be put off, and I told him to go ahead and do it and meet me on the steamer. He gave me my ticket so I could come aboard, or I would have been waiting for him on the pier. I wish now he hadn't," she added miserably.

"Well, that wouldn't have helped much so long as you dropped that line to papa telling him you were going to grab a new home," Miss McMullen assured her. "You certainly stirred up your dad when you propped that on the pincushion and tiptoed out the back door. You don't expect to find the doormat, with 'Welcome' tattooed on it, laid out for you now unless you come home holding Willie by the hand, do you? Not if I know Pa Weber, and I've met him now and then in the last ten years. No, indeed, fraulein. We've got to frame up some way of putting this thing over now that you've made a flying start."

"But Will won't know where I am!" Lena protested. "He knows you're on this steamer, and I don't see what's going to keep him from beating it over to South Haven on the railroad and being on the pier over there when you land this afternoon," Birdie said. "If he's as keen for getting you as he ought to be, he'll be there all right. And if he isn't we'll think of something positively unique to do then. You can jog along with me, you know, and I guess pa will have to stand for that if he hears about it. I'm going over to meet Evelyn Maguire at the Sterlingworth and put in a few days of high-class loafing on the hotel porch. You can have a single-handed honeymoon

with us if Billy has jumped the track. Come on and check your vanity bag anyhow and let's go up on the deck."

Two hours later the girls were chatting over their luncheon in the dining saloon when a steward passed through the room carrying an envelope and paging Miss Lena Weber. That young woman, listening in frightened disbelief to the sonorous repetition of her name, seized Birdie's hand convulsively. "He's calling my name!" she whispered. "What on earth can it be?"

"Let's ask him," Miss McMullen suggested.

"I'm a frost as a mind reader."

"Oh, no! I'm afraid!" Lena gasped. "It's—it's something about Will!"

"I'll take it," Birdie said, signaling to the steward. "Something about Will is what we need to find out just now."

"Miss Lena Weber?" the steward asked.

MISS McMULLEN nodded, and he handed her an envelope.

"Wireless telegram for you," he said. "Sign the book here, please."

Birdie scribbled Lena's name on the line he indicated, and when the boy had passed on ripped open the envelope. Miss Weber was regarding the yellow paper with awe and fascination. It was the nearest she had ever approached to that modern marvel, the marconigram. "Oh, Birdie! What is it?" she whispered nervously.

"You don't mind my reading this?" Miss McMullen asked—the slip being only half withdrawn.

"Go on! Go on! I wouldn't look at it for a million dollars!" Lena assured her. "I was always afraid of telegrams. And a wireless—oh, my good gracious! I think they're terrible!"

BIRDIE had drawn out the message and glanced over it. She elevated her eyebrows as she read, and then looked at her timid companion with a broad smile.

"Well, your friend William is game all right," she said. "He hasn't taken it on the run off the dock nor backed away from the bridal noose, as you have been fearing away down near the paper soles of your Oxfords. Your cruel parent has had him tossed into jail for a few hours, but now that he's been sprung he's fleeing to you on the wings of love, aided in spots by the Pere Marquette Railroad. Listen to this:

"Arrested this morning for abduction, charged by your father. Bailed out too late to catch boat. Coming by train. Be careful. Think he has telegraphed South Haven officers to arrest you on landing. Cheer up. I'll be on the job."

"He was arrested?" Miss Weber gasped, horror dawning in her eyes.

"Yes, but it didn't take," Birdie said. "That's what you get for scattering good-by notes behind you when you leave home to elope, young woman. Your father probably found your note and went on the warpath—I can see him now tearing up one side of Halsted Street and down the other, yelling for the Fire Department and the Board of Health to come and lend him a helping hand. And then he spotted your handsome hero beating it over the grocery route, making his last collections for Old Man Deist, and called the copper off the corner to drag him to the dungeon."



Some excitement around those old corners this morning after we left, Lena. And if the newspapers get hold of it you can be in vaudeville before the week is out. I wonder if Bill can do any of these tangerine dances?"

"How can you joke about it?" Lena quavered. "And they're going to put me in jail, too! What's that for? Is it a crime to get married these days?"

"I know people who think it's a lot worse than murder," Miss McMullen asserted, "but they don't count. You needn't fret about getting arrested in South Haven, Lena. I don't propose to

have any copper butt in on love's young dream with a night stick while I'm the chaperon of a perfectly good elopement. How old are you?"

"I'm nineteen next October," Miss Weber returned.

"Well, that's good enough at home, but you'll be twenty-one by the time you get to South Haven," Birdie declared. "You've aged terribly crossing the lake. And I'm just waiting to see somebody arrest you for taking a trip to South Haven with me. We could collect a million dollars' damages from the State of Michigan and make the Governor come around and apologize. The police are an awful scream, aren't they?"

"How do you mean?" Lena asked wonderingly.

"Why, that bunch back home lock up Billy Harding for abducting a girl who isn't even in town, and over here the chances are they'd be ready to grab you for eloping without a bridegroom. For a herd of mental mastodons, I'll pick the average police station and take 'em as they come."

"But if pa does telegraph to the police in South Haven," Lena persisted, "would they have any right to arrest me, Birdie?"

"Nothing worries the police less than what they have a right to do," Miss McMullen replied. "I've never known a copper yet to get embarrassed and resign because he'd made some kind of a break about arresting somebody. They're more likely to bounce a two-foot hickory club off the prisoner's skull for showing them up. Just wait until we get ashore and then we'll see what will happen."

But things began to happen some little time before the *City of Ludington* tied up to her South Haven pier. A tug came fussily out to meet the steamer, and from it a lantern-jawed young man leaped aboard as soon as the vessels touched. He made his way direct to the captain, the purser was called into conference, and a few minutes later the wireless operator was summoned. Then a call went out for the steward who had delivered the message addressed to Miss Lena Weber, and after the official heads had been together a while longer, that excited youth came bearing down upon Lena and Birdie, with the newcomer forging along in his wake.

THEY were sitting in a quiet spot on the after-deck under an awning, quite apart from the restless and impatient throng of holiday makers, who had flocked forward to watch the deck hands preparing for the landing. The steward pointed an accusing finger at Miss McMullen.

"That's her," he declared triumphantly, turning to the capable-looking person behind him, who at once stepped to the front. Lena had started to rise, with one hand pressed against her fluttering bosom, but Birdie pushed her down again to the seat.

"Just keep quiet and let me handle this," she murmured. "It's all right."

"You're Lena Weber," the brisk young man declared, aiming another forefinger at Birdie. "No use trying to deny it—I've got witnesses right here that you're her."

"Well? Supposing that I am," Miss McMullen returned. "What's the big idea of you weaving up here and telling me about it? You don't imagine they've been holding out on me about my name all these years, do you?"

He smiled down on her sarcastically and placed his hands on his hips, in the attitude of one appraising a new specimen.

"Fresh, eh?" he said. "I guess they didn't get after you any too soon. Why, say, kiddo, you don't have to ask me what it's all about. You got a wireless today tipping you off that (Continued on page 31)



Lena and Billy swarmed into the room without waiting for permission, hand in hand, and smiling happily upon the world. "Well, we're married!" Billy shouted, and then stopped short at sight of his father-in-law

The Turning of Joe

By Frank A. Halverson

ILLUSTRATED BY S. J. WOOLF

"MISTEER DRIVER, me gitta car dissa time?"

Joe, the little Italian miner asked the question eagerly as he darted out from under the brushing into the heading. In his voice was quivering entreaty. He leaned his hard, calloused hands on the empty coal car, and gazed appealingly at the trip rider.

"Sure, Joe, take a car!"

"Gooda man!" Joe ejaculated gleefully. Cars were coveted treasures to the miners. Each one filled with coal meant money on pay day.

With animated haste, Joe uncoupled a car and pushed it over the switch. When he had it in the parting, he stopped for breath and removed the oil lamp from his cap and trimmed the wick. Its burst of light revealed the dark-arched tunnel of the heading partly filled with shifting dust and powder smoke. The gleam also played on Joe's face and showed the swarthy features streaked and grimed with coal soot. His eyes were small, but wonderfully bright. With a sweep of his hand he brushed back his curly hair, replaced his cap, and putting his weight on the drawbar of the car he pushed it into his room.

"Hurry up, Joe!" Jack the driver urged, "Mike's coming!"

"Badda man, Mike!" Joe muttered excitedly, "he steala my car. No giva me turn!"

JACK understood the law of the mines. Cars were to be evenly distributed among the men; but little Joe, not being able to defend himself, was continually victimized.

"Get in before Mike comes!" Jack warned. "He'll take your car again. It is his turn to lay off. Hurry!"

Joe was off with his car instantly. He knew that Mike would be after him. His evident fright made Jack smile in pity.

The other miners were coming out on the heading with their cars; the rumbling of wheels stopped at switches and partings; their lamps lit the entryway, looking like electric bulbs on a city street.

"Say, driver, move on!"

The voice was a bellow, hard, rasping, domineering.

"No car for you this time, Mike," the driver replied.

"To — there ain't!"

Mike crawled past his car and came out on the entryway. He was a giant. With a great intake of breath he straightened up to his full height. On his face was a settled snarl. His shirt was gaping open at the throat and his broad breast was ridged with muscle. With his powerful arms swinging, he walked down to the driver and inquired: "What did you say about my car?"

"None for you," Jack repeated, but he put no grit in the assertion. "You've got more than the other men now. Every man is supposed to receive an equal share."

BIG MIKE laughed gratingly, showing his yellow teeth. "Since when, Jack? Say, what are you going to do about that dago?" Mike's words were a sneer.

"Give him a square deal," Jack reasoned pleadingly. "He's got a wife to support and a home to maintain. He's not earning his salt. You're taking his cars every day."

"He has no business in here!" Mike bellowed angrily, "he should be starved out." He cursed "that dago."

The rumble of Joe's empty car mingled with the malediction. Mike hurried down to Joe's parting and peered into the room. He could see the Italian's lamp moving ahead in the murky shadows.

"Bring that car back!" he shouted with an oath.

Joe increased his speed, intent on filling the car.

With rapid suppleness, Mike darted under the slate brushing and running a little distance up the road shouted again: "Push that car out! It's mine!"

"Wassa matter dis!" Joe returned, blocking the car and hastily throwing a few shovels of coal into it. "You no gitta dis-a-one! It'sa mine."

"It is? I'll show you!"

Joe shoveled with speed, the glow from Mike's lamp was coming closer; Mike was using all the blasphemous words his limited vocabulary contained in berating the

little Italian. When he reached the coupling link he grasped it and gave it a violent pull; it resisted his effort; failing on his knees, Mike reached out his hand and removed the sprag that was holding the car—his head was level with the wheels; so intent was he on taking the car that he did not notice Joe. The latter had raised his shovel and an ugly light burned for a moment in his eyes; a frenzied hiss through his bared teeth gave him away. Mike heard it and looked up. "You would, would you?" he shouted, springing to his feet.



The happy father walked over to Mike. "Misteer Mike, taka a smoke." Mike's answer was a quick, upward blow of his arm. He hit the box and the cigars scattered in many directions. . . He roared and cursed Joe's son

"No, no Misteer Mike," Joe pleaded, changing instantly. The spark of manhood was gone, every lineament of Joe's face betrayed fear; he was trembling in uncontrollable fright, he sank on his knees, whining and groveling in front of the tyrannous Mike.

With a raucous laugh, Mike raised his heavy shoe and planted a solid kick in Joe's ribs. "That's good medicine for dagoes!" he gloated leeringly.

Some of the miners had gathered near, but a tense silence, broken only by heavy breathing, bound them. The blackened faces of the men disclosed strong emotions. They were cowed by fear. Mike was the master and none disputed his sway.

A rumbling indicated that Mike was bringing the empty car back. The miners gazed at one another. Some of them swore, but not loud.

"It's a shame!" Jack the driver still protested. "Mike does as he pleases. That car gives him three to-day and Joe has not received any yet. Yesterday Mike had seven and Joe four. Is that justice? God, if I were a little heavier—"

"Cut it out, Jack," a miner interrupted, "don't fly off the handle and get your looks spoiled. Joe's only a dago."

"He's a man," Jack hurled back, tears of anger in his eyes. "We're a cowardly set to let Mike boss us!"

THE men were uncoupling their own cars in passing their switches. All seemed in a hurry to get in to their work. Secretly they resented Mike's abuse of Joe; yet none wished or dared to offend the powerful bully.

When Jack reached the face of the heading, he unhooked the spreader and turning the mule around he connected it on the entryman's car.

"What ban wrong?" inquired Lars, coming out from under the brushing and resting his elbow on a lump of coal. "You ban long time!"

Jack touched the muscles of the big blond Swede's arm and exclaimed: "Man, if I had your strength, I'd lick the dirtiness out of big Mike. He took the dago's car again. I'd kill him," he burst out in helpless rage.

"Ban dago that little man?" Lars questioned.

"Yes."

Jack told the story hotly. Lars's blue eyes snapped.

"Aye ban come down next time," Lars confided with determined finality. "Mike he do that to little man—he do to me the same. 'He nice man to me.' To impress Jack of his ability, he took a lump of coal off the car and crushed it in his powerful hand. "How Mike like that squeeze?" he queried.

The driver's countenance flushed eagerly; if Lars took a hand it would make it easy to give every man his share of cars.

THE miners were in the rooms when Jack came spragging the loaded trip past Joe's parting; stopping the mule and peering into the latter's place, he could discern a feeble flicker from Joe's lamp and Joe lying in a huddled position by the track.

Coming closer to the little man, he heard him moan as if in great pain.

"Are you hurt?"

But Jack could make out no words in the low whining that came from the shaking little miner. His nerve was gone.

Jack said to himself bitterly that he himself was no better, for he would flunk at a show-down with Mike. Game! Fight! What chance had Joe? What chance had he?

"Come on, Joe," Jack advised, "go out and tell the boss."

Jack departed and Joe continued his crying. The big sleek rats came out from their hiding places and hopped from stone to stone, with shrill squeaks. The air was cold, but Joe did not feel it. The sweat was boiling from him. With a painful effort he crawled to where his lamp lay and brushing the coal dust off the wick, still with the lamp in front of him, he bowed his head in his hands, moaning and sighing. How could he cope with Mike—he, the little foreigner, detested, snubbed, and spit upon on all occasions?

On the following morning when the miners were waiting for the trip to pull in, they heard some one coming down the track and whistling lustily. The gay notes came from the Italian quarter of the mining settlement.

Sandy MacPherson, mine foreman, stopped and listened. A smile broke over his dour face. It was such a strange thing for Sandy to smile that the waiting miners took notice, and watched with the more interest the path that led from the settlement up to the mine.

"Well, of all things!" Sandy exclaimed.

COMING briskly up the path was little Joe. His face shone, he was wearing his best suit of clothes, the pride of the company store—several sizes too large for his person, they were; a rubber collar circled his neck; the roomy, baggy trousers hung on a belt, and their sag necessitated several rolls at the bottom; the broad stub shoes had been treated to a liberal coat of polish.

"Gooda mornink!" Joe's military salute was debonaire.

"Same to you!" Sandy ejaculated, "but wha' in blazes is the meaning o' this?"

From inside his coat Joe brought forth a box of cigars. "Bigga boy comma my house! Take a cigar-r-r!"

"I'll be blamed!" Sandy burst out vehemently. "Ye'll nae be so happy when ye have two or three or maybe mair. Aye lad, I ken yer feelings the noo. Here's congratulations and lots o' them." He grasped Joe's hand and the muscles of the new-made father's face twitched at the strength of the grip, but—"Taka more smoke, misteer boss." Joe urged gamely.

"Aye, lads," Sandy called, "step up and have a smoke on Joe's boy. It's a proud man he is. I ken weel how it is."

Sitting, unnoticed in the first car of the trip was Mike. He did not come up with the other men to partake of Joe's treat, but sat (Concluded on page 26)

COMMENT ON CONGRESS

SENATOR THOMAS P. GORE of Oklahoma is not one of the least desirable of the Democrats in Washington. Indeed, as politicians go, he belongs rather at the better extreme. But so prevalent is the idea abroad of appealing for reelection on the basis of success at the pie counter that he, too, relies on it. He has flooded Oklahoma with letters (under frank, of course), in which he says:

I had hoped to see you personally and to account face to face for my stewardship. I was detained in Washington by the Indian Appropriation Bill. As reported by the Committee to the Senate, this bill carried six or seven millions for Oklahoma. I could not get my consent to leave my post of duty until I had made every effort to bring this golden tide into our State.

"Bring this golden tide into our State." Is it too much to say that a politician who talks this way, whose attitude of mind toward the Government is indicated by these words, is hardly deserving of reelection? Senator Gore continues in the unctuous strain of self-sacrifice:

I felt that I ought to sacrifice my own interest rather than sacrifice the interest of my people.

My length of service and committee assignments helped me materially in accomplishing the foregoing results. In the Senate seniority counts.

In other words: I, having been in Washington a long time, and therefore knowing the ropes, can get you more pork than a new man. This circular letter of Senator Gore's, with an odor of cant that hangs round the pork barrel, begins: "My dear Sir and Friend," and closes thus:

With hearty good wishes for your health and good fortune, I am Yours very truly,

Senator Gore has been seen in more worthy rôles than this.

Staying in Washington

WHEN Congress decided to cut off the salaries of absentees, it took belated notice of a scandalous condition. On one roll call last week the entire delegation from Maine was absent. Eight members were absent from Massachusetts, and out of forty-three New York members, twenty-seven were absent. This sort of thing has been going on for a long time. Congress has always artfully avoided adopting any rule which would even permit the public to know when members are present and when they are absent. The only way of knowing is to consult the roll calls on measures which come up, but many days go by without any roll call, and there is really no way of being sure of the percentage of attendance of any one member. An amusing aspect of the present action is that the Republicans claim the Democrats have, in the slang of the day, "put one over on them." Practically all the Democratic members are returned, not at the elections in November, but at the primaries during the preceding spring. This means that all the Democratic members are through with their campaigning,

and are perfectly content to stay in Washington. They are enforcing the rule about absentees just at a time when Republican members find it most important to be away from Washington to look after reelection.

A Harassing Menace

THE question of prohibition does not appear much in the dispatches from

their Congressional candidates to pledge themselves in support of the amendment. In Missouri the Progressive State Convention took the same action, and the Democratic State Convention would have taken it but for the strenuous work of Senator Stone. It is safe to say that among the 435 Congressional district elections this fall, in fully three-fourths the liquor question will be right to the front.

A Public Service

FEW Congressmen have made themselves more useful in their first terms than James A. Frear of Wisconsin. At the beginning of the present Congress Mr. Frear went to Washington to fight the river and harbor pork barrel, and he has been fighting it ever since. He did all in his power to defeat the 1914 bill in the House, and when it was passed over his protest he followed it to the other end of the Capitol, where he has been furnishing Kenyon, La Follette, and other Senators with information with which to fight the measure. Mr. Frear has a resolution before the House which calls for a thorough investigation of many of the items of the measure. He believes a thorough airing of the bill would make its adoption impossible and lead to

the enactment of a law providing for a waterways commission to be appointed by the President, thereby removing the national rivers and harbors problem as far as possible from local influences. Mr. Frear's plucky fight deserves universal commendation, but we think Congress ought to abolish the pork-barrel system without a costly investigation. Another man who is deserving of great credit for his opposition to the pork barrel is Senator Burton of Ohio. Senator Burton is one of the few men in Washington who have fought with sincerity and energy for economy with the public money. He is retiring from the Senate voluntarily; there are fully fifty Senators who would be missed less.

Small But Noisy

THERE can be no doubt that there is a minor section among politicians, conspicuous now among the Democrats only because that party happens to be in power, who have a real antipathy for property and business as such. They make their living by politics, and so have no concern about private property of their own. They are not burdened by the responsibility of making a business keep going. They have no experience of the obligation toward employees and dependents. Their feeling toward property and organized business partakes of a kind of intellectual anarchy. They think that organized business implies a lack of individual freedom, the imposition of one man's will on another's in a way that is distasteful to them as pronounced individualists.



"A Little Nervous"

May, in Detroit Times

Washington. But, nevertheless, it is the question which is giving more concern to members of Congress up for reelection than the trust bills or the emergency war measures. The feeling in Washington, even among those who are opposed to the Hobson Bill, is that prohibition is a question which won't stay down. The present movement aims to achieve prohibition on a national scale, by an amendment to the Constitution. This has been indorsed recently by both the Republican and Democratic State Conventions in Kansas. These conventions at the same time instructed

THE RECORDS OF CONGRESSMEN

FOUR hundred and thirty-five Congressional vacancies and thirty-one Senatorial vacancies will be filled at the primaries this summer and the election next November. In the great majority of cases the present incumbents are candidates for reelection. The best basis for determining whether they should be reelected is, to a large extent, the way they have voted upon important measures. Collier's Washington Bureau will provide the record of the votes of any Senator or Congressman on every important roll call since March 4, 1909. This service is entirely free of charge. Give the name of the Congressman or Senator whose record you wish, and address COLLIER'S WASHINGTON BUREAU, 901 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

My Mission and Betrayal in England

By Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS FANCHER

DURING 1911 my diplomatic missions piled one upon the other. Of recent years the German has been the most tempestuous of European cabinets. The drama that began with my mission to Monte Carlo and developed through the swift climaxes of the Moroccan affair, the secret conference between Germany, Austria, and England in the Black Forest, that rushed on through the intrigues that preceded the Balkan War, had now lulled, gathering its forces for the present catastrophe—the most appalling war Europe has ever seen. To be sure the terms that the English, German, and Austrian Ministers had agreed upon in the Black Forest were now awaiting ratification by their respective Governments. Bear this in mind—"were awaiting ratification"—for it explains the mission that I was called upon to undertake on November 18, 1911.

I received the usual summons to report at the Wilhelmstrasse. Instead of being brought before Count von Wedell, I was taken over to the Königgrätzerstrasse, to the German Admiralty Intelligence Department. Here I was introduced to a Captain Tapkan, the chief of the naval branch of the Intelligence Department. The Captain briefly informed me that it had been deemed advisable to send me to England—unwelcome news, this, as you will see. In the usual curt yet polite manner of German officers, the Captain introduced me to three naval experts. One was a construction officer, another in the Signaling Department, the third an expert on explosives and mines. One at a time they took me in hand, grooming me in the intricacies of their respective fields. I sat for hours over diagrams with a naval officer on each side. They brought me before charts that were as big as the wall of the room. These charts gave the exact dimensions and type of every vessel in the British navy. Not only that, I was made to study the silhouettes of all the different types of English warships—why, you will see.

Eternal Vigilance

OBVIOUSLY this special training was significant. Part of my mission to England was to watch the preparations and maneuvers of British warships at the new naval bases on the Scottish coast. As you may surmise, the situation between England and Germany was peculiar. The secret treaty of the Black Forest was awaiting ratification by the heads of the two Governments. Of course the mass of subjects—indeed not ten men in each country—knew aught of what had transpired near Schlangenbad. Politicians had worked up a war scare to such a pitch that the people of the two nations were ready to rush into conflict. Only a spark was needed to fire the situation. Realizing that under the menace of existing conditions the unforeseen might happen, the Kaiser was not lessening his secret diplomatic

intrigues; rather, he was increasing them. It is a fact that even though two nations have a secret treaty, they each remain suspicious of the other. After all, secret treaties have been ruthlessly torn up. The vigilance of European cabinets must be eternal.

Sent to Scotland

HENCE my mission. It was included in my instructions to watch the movements of British warships off the Scottish coast and promptly cable the German Admiralty Intelligence Department concerning them. This is where a study of the silhouette charts would be invaluable. At night or in fog or early in the morning I would not be able to distinguish the British ships by name. But, knowing the silhouettes of all the naval types—for example, certain kinds of dreadnoughts, powerful cruisers, torpedo-boat destroyers—I would be able to tell just what ships were putting to sea. When I had memorized all the charts my tutors covered the names of the battleships thereon and made me repeat the types. For instance, I would say: "That is a *Queen Mary* type of dreadnought. The other is of the *Ajax* type. That destroyer is of the *Viper* type." And so on. There were well-defined architectural lines to every group of ships in the British navy, and these silhouettes I learned to know by heart before I was permitted to leave Berlin.

Moreover, I had to brush myself up in topography and trigonometry. In England—so I learned from my instructions—it would be necessary to calculate distances, to take observations on the exact nature of the two new naval bases at Cromarty, in the north, and at Rosyth on the Firth of Forth, near Edinburgh.

I was to watch especially the new Rosyth base and to report progress on armaments, new equipment, anything of use to the German Admiralty. I was to keep tab on all the British fleet maneuvers then in progress on the Scottish coast. It must be understood that that new base at Rosyth and Cromarty were Great Britain's answer to Germany's powerful naval base at Helgoland. So far as Germany's northern coasts are concerned, the Scottish coast is the most convenient point of attack for Great Britain. Fearing the unforeseen spark firing the hostile minds of the peoples of the two nations, Germany was thus preparing to be instantly informed of any sudden demonstration by the English fleets off Scotland. Not a ship could leave either Rosyth or Cromarty without an immediate cable being sent by me to Berlin,

reporting how many war vessels and of what type had put to sea; also, if possible, the reason for the movement.

At the Intelligence Department I was given carte blanche as to how to go about my mission. I am frank to say I did not care at all for it. I had good reason to be wary. The suspicious state of England at the time, and a stringent law just passed, made this mission very dangerous as far as my liberty was concerned. There was no danger of a knife thrust, as in the Balkans, but there was of jail. Contrary to all precepts of British law, there had been rushed through the House of Commons a clause so elastic and convenient for convictions that a judge could charge a jury to find a man guilty on suspicion only. As I recall it, the exact wording was:

"Any person or persons making or obtaining any document whatsoever, endangering or likely to endanger the safeguards of Great Britain, can be found guilty notwithstanding there being no consequent proof of any actual offense. A sentence of seven years' penal servitude will be given the offender."

A Plague of German Spies

IT DOES not need a lawyer to point out the tremendous power of prosecution that this added clause to the statutes put in the hands of the English Government. As I stated, it was rushed through the House of Commons, but it was necessary. One has to admit that to be fair. Within six months three German spies had been arrested in England. There was a plague of them. Knowing this and also knowing the general efficiency of England's public servants and system, I was rather loath to stick my head into it. That penalty for being caught—seven years' penal servitude—loomed ominously, for penal servitude in England is plain hell. I also knew that, although no passports are required in England, they still know pretty well what is going on, especially as regards foreigners. It is easy to get into England, but very hard to get out. Also, knowing the secret understanding between the two Governments, I had an uneasy premonition that everything was not quite right in the state of Denmark. Subsequent events proved to me that this feeling of mine, very seldom at fault, was correct.

Against My Better Judgment

HOWEVER, strong pressure and great inducements were brought to bear on me, and I undertook the mission against my better judgment. When I left Berlin I was thoroughly equipped to carry out instructions. Every war vessel of the British navy, every fortification, naval base, and depot of supplies was coded in Secret Service ciphers. Arrangements had been made with the Intelligence Department to transmit telegrams to an address in Brussels, Belgium. In the event of this secret channel of communication



At five o'clock in the morning—a gray, rainy, foggy morning, through which the ships moved almost ghostlike—I made out sixteen war vessels. From their silhouettes I knew them to be dreadnoughts, cruisers, and torpedo-boat destroyers. At once I filed a cable by way of Brussels

with Berlin being closed, there was another address provided, via Copenhagen, and a third, via Paris. The exact names and places I still remember very vividly.

I went to Edinburgh by way of the Hook of Holland and Folkstone. I went by way of March, not passing through London for a reason. The reason is that at any time, and more especially with the air surcharged with war scares, all Continental steamers and expresses entering London are closely watched. The general traveler does not know that every Dover, Calais, and Flushing Express is met and watched, not only by Scotland Yard detectives, but by special Government officers. As a rule, very little escapes them. Anyone not an Englishman is upon landing likely to notice an elderly, gray-haired, high-batted English gentleman, who looks like a retired army officer or cleric, and who generally carries an umbrella. If this clerical-looking gentleman decides a foreigner is suspicious, he is closely shadowed from the moment he enters London.

Circumventing this by going via March, I arrived in Edinburgh and put up at old Bedford Hotel on Prince's Street, a quiet, select Scottish hostelry. I registered under my quasi correct name of A. K. Graves, M. D., Truro, Australia. My "stunt" was to convey the impression of being an Australian physician taking additional post-graduate courses at the famous Scottish seat of medical learning. After a few days' residence at the Bedford I installed myself in private quarters at a Mrs. McLeod's, in Morningside Road, near Braids Hill. The ordinary expense provided for my residential quarters was \$75 a week. This, of course, did not include "extras," such as entertaining, motor trips, special dinners.

Obtaining Information

FOR the first fortnight I quietly took my bearings, creating a suggestion that I was a semi-invalid. Having by this time familiarized myself with Edinburgh and surroundings, I made frequent trips to the Firth of Forth, upon which was located the Rosyth base. Now, across the Firth there is a long bridge. It is between the Rosyth base and the North Sea. Warships going to and from the naval station pass under it. But more about this bridge later—something for the benefit of the English Admiralty.

Gradually I worked myself into the confidence of one of the bridge keepers. I shall not give the man's name, for to do so would injure him, and quite unwittingly he gave me facilities for studying the naval base and furnished me with scraps of information that I wanted to know. For this he received no money, and he was not a traitor to his country. Through the little acquaintance I struck up with him, I was able to make a thorough study of the bridge and its structure—a strategic point, the bridge. Also, through the offices of my good friend the keeper, I was introduced to some of his "pals" in the water guard. Because of my intimate knowledge of Robbie Burns, Walter Scott, "inside" history of Prince Charlie, and—ahem!—Scottish proclivity for a drop o' whisky, they accepted me as half a Scotchman.

From the water guard I obtained more definite information regarding the Rosyth base. So much for the topographical knowledge, which could only be obtained through personal contact with men who actually knew every inch of the ground. The charts back in Berlin could not give me that exact information. The higher scientific data of the fortifications and the base I obtained by social intercourse with high-priced officials—officers and engineers at Rosyth—whom I entertained at various times. Of these little entertainments I shall have more to say in my forthcoming book.

A Menace to Britain's Navy

THE schooling I had received in the silhouettes presently came in handy. One night my friend, the bridge tender, learned that the fleet was getting up steam. Accordingly, I stood on the bridge that night and waited, and at five o'clock in the morning—a gray, rainy, foggy morning, through which the

ships moved almost ghostlike—I made out sixteen war vessels. From their silhouettes I knew them to be dreadnoughts, cruisers, and torpedo-boat destroyers. At once I filed a cable by way of Brussels, informing the Intelligence Department of the German navy that an English fleet, sixteen strong, had put to sea. Sub-

sequently I learned that in describing the sixteen ships I had made only one mistake.

I may here draw attention and, in return for England's fair treatment of me during my trial, give them gratis this information. The Firth of Forth Bridge constitutes a grave danger to the Rosyth naval base.

For this reason: Its location between Rosyth and the sea is a decided menace. In the event of hostilities—in fact, before the outbreak of war—it is no ways impossible to blow up the Firth of Forth Bridge and bottle all war vessels concentrated at the Rosyth base. They could thus be bottled up for several days

powerless while a foreign fleet swept the Scottish coasts. The British Foreign Office will understand what I mean by this: Look to the middle island.

After about three weeks I began to be suspicious of being followed. Arriving home one night I noticed that my dress suit was arranged in a different way to what I had left it. I called my landlady and casually inquired if my tailor had been there. She said: "No, Doctor."

"Well," I replied, "what reason have you then to rearrange my clothes?" Her face reddened and she seemed flustered. "I wasn't in your room," she faltered. "I remember now. I believe the tailor was here. One of the servants let him in."

I have no reason to shield Mrs. McLeod, for, with true Scottish thrift, she got as much out of me as she could, and then afterward declared in court that she thought I was a German spy after the second day I had been in her house.

I made it my business to go round to my tailor's within an hour's time, and he contradicted her story. He had not been at the house. To verify completely my suspicions that I was being shadowed, I went the next day into the "F and F," a well-known caterer on Prince's Street. In the writing room I wrote some letters, one of which I purposely dropped on the floor. I withdrew to the washroom and, returning in about fifteen minutes, noticed that the letter had disappeared. Making inquiries of "buttons" and of the "desk girl," I learned that a gentleman had quietly picked up the letter and, without reading it, had put it in his pocket and walked away. That settled it. They were after me.

I hope this particular detective or his superior could read Greek. For they or whoever spent their time translating my letter read an ancient Greek version of "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

Bearding the Police

I RECOGNIZED it as an occasion where I had to make a right royal bluff. I went at once to Police Headquarters in Edinburgh. I asked for Chief Constable Ross, and sent in my card bearing Dr. A. K. Graves, Truro, South Australia. Presently I was shown into the chief's room and was received by a typical Scottish gentleman. I opened fire in this way:

"Have you any reason to believe that I am a German spy?"

I saw that it had knocked him off his pins.

"Why, no!" he said, startled. "I don't know anything at all about it."

"It's not by your orders, then, that I am followed?"

"Certainly not," he replied.

"Well, Chief, it's hardly likely that anything of such importance would transpire without your notice."

"What reason have you to believe that you were followed?" he asked.

"Reason in plenty," I replied. "Some agent had even the audacity to enter my apartments and search my effects. This, as you know, is absolutely against English law, a warrant being necessary for such procedure. If you have any reason to take me to be a German spy, go right ahead now, or let these rather nonsensical persecutions cease. I have taken this up to now to be rather a good joke, but my sense of humor has its limit."

Chief Constable Ross became serious and very gravely said:

"Well, Doctor, you know we've got to obey orders. I'm quite satisfied, though, that there has been a mistake made and you shall have no further annoyance."

He bowed me out. Of course I knew I still would be shadowed, which I did not mind in the least. I reasoned that my visit to the police might make them slow down a bit. Right along I communicated by cables and letter with Berlin, and went the even tenure of my way. About a week after my experience with Constable Ross I received information that a firm of gun makers in Glasgow were constructing some new fourteen-inch guns for the British Government. That meant a change of base.

A Costly Mistake

I AT once made it my business to go to Glasgow and get particulars. I installed myself in the Great Western Hotel, and in a week gained all the information I wanted. It would take too long to detail how this was done, but you have a very expressive American saying, "money talks." I had the plans, firing systems, everything of interest about the new fourteen-inch turret guns. While in Glasgow I received letters addressed to me as James Stafford. I received two such letters, and upon my calling at a G. P. O. for a third I was informed that there was a letter for A. Stafford.

"Oh, yes, that is my letter," I said.

The clerk demurred and replied:

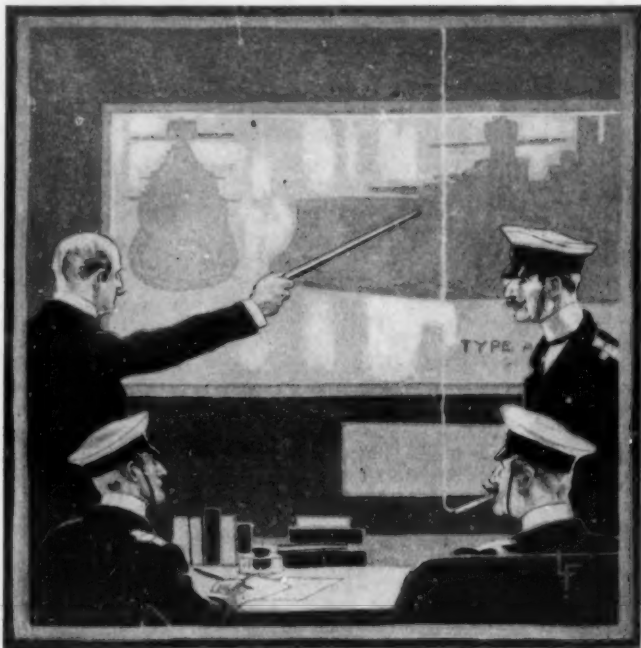
"You asked for James Stafford. Under those circumstances I cannot hand you this letter. It is against the postal law."

Not being in a position to raise a question, I let it go at that, never for a moment thinking that my employers would be so culpably careless as to put any incriminating evidence in the mail. Events proved that that is just what they did. Moreover, I later came to know why that particular letter was addressed not to James but to A. Stafford. All my previous letters were addressed to me as Dr. A. K. Graves and were inclosed in the business envelope of a well-known chemical firm at Snowhills, London, E. C. Of course they were sent from Germany to London and there reposted. The stationery of this chemical firm was obtained so as to disarm any possible suspicion, for European post offices are taught to be suspicious. It would be perfectly natural for me, a physician in Edinburgh, to receive a letter from a very well-known chemical concern.

Caught with the Evidence

WHEN I left Edinburgh to find out about the fourteen-inch guns I gave our people in London instructions to use plain envelopes and to address them to James Stafford, G. P. O., Glasgow. The first two letters were addressed correctly and plain envelopes were used. The third was not only misaddressed but was inclosed in one of the chemical firm's envelopes—this, as I later learned, for a reason.

(Continued on page 21)



I sat for hours over diagrams with a naval officer on each side. They brought me before charts that gave the exact dimensions and type of every vessel in the British navy



The attendant knocked on the door, opened it, and announced: "The gentleman." I was facing Sir Edward Grey . . . looking small in the big armchair

Bealby

By H. G. Wells

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Chapter XIII A Left-Handed Mascot



"Look here, Mr. Benshaw," he said, "you seem to be under the impression that we are trespassing." Mr. Benshaw was understood to inquire with some heat what Mr. Rymell called it. "We were not trespassing," said Mr. Rymell. "We were following up that boy..."

AT THE very moment that Bealby was butting the baker in the stomach, Mr. Benshaw was just emerging from his austere cottage after a wholesome but inexpensive high tea in which he had finished up two left-over cold sausages, and he was considering very deeply the financial side of a furious black fence that he had at last decided should pen in the school children from further depredations. It should be of splintery, tarred deal, and high, with well-pointed tops studded with sharp nails, and he believed that by making the path only two feet wide a real saving of ground for cultivation might be made and a very considerable discomfort for the public arranged, to compensate for his initial expense. The thought of a narrow lane which would in winter be characterized by an excessive sliminess, and from which there would be no lateral escape, was pleasing to a mind by no means absolutely restricted to considerations of pounds, shillings, and pence. In his hand, after his custom, he carried a hoe, on the handle of which feet were marked, so that it was available not only for destroying the casual weed but also for purposes of measurement. With this he now checked his estimate and found that here he would reclaim as much as three feet of trodden waste, here a full two.

Absorbed in these calculations, he heeded little the growth of a certain clamor from the backs of the houses bordering on the High Street. It did not appear to concern him, and Mr. Benshaw made it almost ostentatiously his rule to mind his own business. His eyes remained fixed on the lumpy, dusty, sun-baked track, that with an intelligent foresight he saw already transformed into a deterrent slough of despond for the young.

THEN quite suddenly the shouting took on a new note. He glanced over his shoulder almost involuntarily and discovered that, after all, this uproar was his business. Amazingly his business. His mouth assumed a Cromwellian fierceness. His grip tightened on his hoe. That anyone should dare! But it was impossible!

His dominions were being invaded with a peculiar boldness and violence.

Ahead of everyone else and running with wild wavings of the arms across his strawberries was a small and very dirty little boy. He impressed Mr. Benshaw merely as a pioneer. Some thirty yards behind him was a little collarless, short-sleeved man in red slippers, running with great effrontery, and behind him another still more denuded lunatic, also in list slippers and with braces—braces of inconceivable levity. And then Wiggs, the policeman, hotly followed by Mr. Macculum. Then more distraught tailors and Schocks the butcher. But a louder shout heralded the main attack, and Mr. Benshaw turned his eyes—already they

were slightly bloodshot eyes—to the right, and saw, pouring through the broken hedge, a disorderly crowd: Rymell, whom he had counted his friend, the grocer's assistant, the doctor's boy, some strangers—Mumby!

At the sight of Mumby, Mr. Benshaw leaped at a conclusion. He saw it all. The whole place was rising against him; they were asserting some infernal new right of way. Mumby—Mumby had got them to do it. All the fruits of fifteen years of toil, all the care and accumulation of Mr. Benshaw's prime, were to be trampled and torn to please a draper's spite! . . .

STURDY yeoman as Mr. Benshaw was, he resolved instantly to fight for his liberties. One moment he paused to blow the powerful police whistle he carried in his pocket and then rushed forward in the direction of the hated Mumby, the leader of trespassers, the parent and abetter and defender of the criminal Lucy. He took the hurrying, panting man almost unawares, and with one wild sweep of the hoe felled him to the earth. Then he staggered about and smote again, but not quite in time to get the head of Mr. Rymell.

This whistle he carried was part of a systematic campaign he had developed against trespassers and fruit stealers. He and each of his assistants carried one, and at the first shrill note—it was his rule—everyone seized on every weapon that was handy and ran to pursue and capture. All his assistants were extraordinarily prompt in responding to these alarms, which were often the only break in long days of strenuous and strenuously directed toil. So now with an astonishing promptitude and animated faces men appeared from sheds and greenhouses and distant patches of culture, hastening to the assistance of their dour employer.

It says much for the amiable relations that existed between employers and employed in those days before Syndicalism became the creed of the younger workers that they did hurry to his assistance.

But many rapid things were to happen before they came into action. For first a strange excitement seized upon the tramp. A fantastic delusive sense of social rehabilitation took possession of his soul. Here he was pitted against a formidable hoe-wielding man, who, for some inscrutable reason, was resolved to cover the retreat of Bealby. And all the world, it seemed, was with the tramp and against this hoe wielder. All the tremendous forces of human society against which the tramp had struggled for so many years, whose power he knew and feared as only the outlaw can, had suddenly come into line with him. Across the strawberries to the right there was even a policeman hastening to join the majority, a policeman closely followed by a tradesman of the blackest, most respectable quality. The tramp had a vision of himself as a respectable man heroically leading re-

spectable people against outcasts. He dashed the lank hair from his eyes, waved his arms laterally, and then with a loud, strange cry flung himself toward Mr. Benshaw. Two pairs of superimposed coat tails flapped behind him. And then the hoe whistled through the air and the tramp fell to the ground like a sack.

But now Schocks's boy had grasped his opportunity. He had been working discreetly round behind Mr. Benshaw, and as the hoe smote he leaped upon that hero's back and seized him about the neck with both arms and bore him staggering to the ground, and Rymell, equally quick, and used to the tackling of formidable creatures, had snatched and twisted away the hoe and grappled Mr. Benshaw almost before he was down. The first of Mr. Benshaw's helpers to reach the fray found the issue decided, his master held down conclusively and a growing circle trampling down a wide area of strawberry plants about the panting group. . . .

MR. MUMBY, more frightened than hurt, was already sitting up, but the tramp, with a glowing wound upon his cheek bone and an expression of astonishment in his face, lay low and pawed the earth. "What d'you mean," gasped Mr. Rymell, "hitting people about with that hoe?"

"What d'you mean," groaned Mr. Benshaw, "running across my strawberries?"

"We were going after that boy."

"Pounds and pounds' worth of damage. Mischief and wickedness. . . . Mumby!"

Mr. Rymell, suddenly realizing the true value of the situation, released Mr. Benshaw's hands and knelt up. "Look here, Mr. Benshaw," he said, "you seem to be under the impression we are trespassing."

Mr. Benshaw, struggling into a sitting position, was understood to inquire with some heat what Mr. Rymell called it. Schocks's boy picked up the hat with the erotic brim and handed it to the horticulturist silently and respectfully.

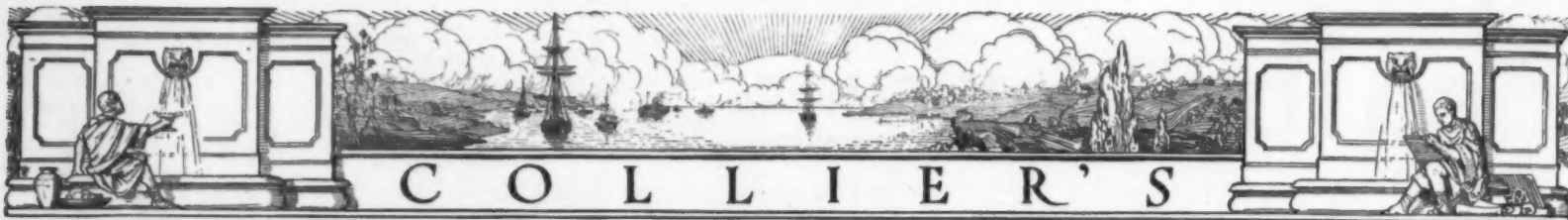
"We were not trespassing," said Mr. Rymell. "We were following up that boy. He was trespassing if you like. . . . By the bye—where is the boy? Has anyone caught him?"

AT THE question attention, which had been focused upon Mr. Benshaw and his hoe, came round.

Across the field in the direction of the sunlit half acre of glass the little tailor was visible standing gingerly and picking up his red slippers for the third time—they would come off in that loose, good soil; everybody else had left the trail to concentrate on Mr. Benshaw—and Bealby—Bealby was out of sight. He had escaped, clean got away.

"What boy?" asked Mr. Benshaw.

"Ferocious little beast (Continued on page 27)"



COLLIER'S

Are We Neutral?

WE SHALL OBSERVE President Wilson's neutrality order rigidly. And yet suppose Germany should win? Suppose Germany occupied France, wiped out the British army, and swept the British navy from the sea? Suppose all this had happened and we in the United States had a day or two to think it over? What would we think and what would we do? Our own notion is that if we were guided by ordinary prudence we would instantly recognize the necessity of making our navy not less than seven times as strong as it now is and raising our standing army to a half million. Our German-American friends who criticize us as being prejudiced against the Fatherland would then themselves realize the real situation. With a triumph of the military spirit and of absolutism in Europe, we Americans would have to step against our wills into the shoes that France has stood in now for forty years.

Sandbagging Belgium

THE APOLOGISTS for Germany's war policy, including even such scholars as Professors KUNO FRANCKE and HUGO MÜNSTERBERG of Harvard University, find it curiously convenient to omit all mention of Belgium from their dissertations. They prefer long diatribes on race hatred and commercial jealousy, endless hair-splittings as to the intricate diplomatic chess playing that preceded the explosion. But Belgium is the key to the whole miserable tragedy. It is over eighty years now since Germany solemnly guaranteed the neutrality of that little country. BISMARCK, for all his policy of "blood and iron," his harsh readiness to break eggs to make an omelette, respected that promise during the Franco-Prussian War. Not only did the Germans not invade France by the Belgian road in 1870, but they gave up the project of bringing back their wounded by the shorter route through the neutral territory. The present outbreak finds Germany doing her first hard fighting against Belgium, not England or France or Russia. The promises and precedents of over eighty years are thrown to the winds, and the neutral territory feels the harshest rigors of war. The Germans go even further and demand a \$40,000,000 ransom from Brussels, which is the same thing as assaulting a peaceful citizen and then robbing him to pay your expenses. The terrible thing is that these measures are taken at the very start of the struggle, and are, therefore, not the result of dire necessity, but of the coolly and carefully laid plans of the German General Staff. These plans must have been known to the Kaiser and must have been approved by him. Germany, therefore, stands before the world as the embodiment of brutal military force, a power to which no promise is sacred. This insane autocracy no more represents German culture than CROKER or MURPHY represents American political life. These power-crazed militarists at Berlin have bet everything on winning, and the future must show whether the modern world can tolerate any such at the head of a great government and a great people. This is why public opinion everywhere is against the Germans and why it is justified. A teacher who sees no moral wrong in what Germany has done to Belgium is not our idea of a good guide for youth. The men we have in mind are Professor FRANCKE and Professor MÜNSTERBERG of Harvard.

The Case of Russia

SOME ONE MAY ASK why the same reasoning does not apply to Russia as to Germany. Perhaps it does, but we do not see it that way. Both countries have medieval forms of government, but the anomaly is twice as striking in Germany's case, the paradox twice as unforgivable. Germany is a modern and progressive country in everything except its headship; Russia remains in many ways as a child of the white plains, in need of fathership. Moreover, in the event of success on the allies' part, we believe a reduction of armament all around will be enforced by the powers of France and Great Britain. This will affect Russia as well as Germany. If Germany conquers, on the other hand, it will not only mean a survival of the military spirit, but the iron heel will crush whatever remains of freedom in Europe—political, economic, moral. Prince KROPOTKIN, perhaps the best known of Russian anarchists, supports his Government in this war precisely because "the Russian military autocracy will not gain, but all progressive and liberalist forces will be immensely strengthened." Already the Russian Government has found it expedient to promise home rule to Poland, and KROPOTKIN looks for concessions to Finland and to the Jews and to the people of the Caucasus.

All this is only repeating history. Emancipation of the Russian serfs followed the Crimean War, a grant of representative government followed war with Japan. It is true that Russia, like Germany and Austria, is ruled by an emperor, and that this war was declared without reference to the people on whom it weighs most heavily. We believe the war will, all the same, let in the light in Russia just as it is putting the light out in Germany.

Our German Spy

ONE INCIDENT OF THE WAR that has entertained us is the light it throws on our own experience of the last six months with a writer, DR. ARMGAARD KARL GRAVES. DR. GRAVES came to the office some six or eight months ago, introduced himself as a former spy in the German service, and submitted several articles giving details of his experiences. The articles outrivaled JULES VERNE. Some of the things seemed incredible. It wasn't easy to believe that Germany could do some of the things he described. The fact that the author was a former spy naturally did not encourage belief in his articles. We made all the investigations possible about Dr. GRAVES's past and verified as many incidents as were humanly verifiable. After all the verification we could accomplish we still had some hesitation about publishing the articles, but after they were published none of his statements as to his own experiences were ever successfully challenged. A good many of our readers have amused themselves at our expense by poking fun at some things Dr. GRAVES has said about the German war machine. Our experience with him has tended to give us confidence in his knowledge. He is now in the theatre of the war, under another name and with such disguises as prudence would suggest. If he survives, we hope to have articles from him which, judging from our experience, we think will be more valuable than most correspondence from the seat of war. But if the Germans ever get their hands on him we won't have any articles from Dr. GRAVES.

Good News

IT IS A CHEERFUL ITEM that the war may deprive the United States of many foreign drugs. Our people take too much dope anyhow. What we need is saner eating and exercise and less medicine. The war may be for many of us a valuable compulsory discipline in personal hygiene, a start toward better living.

Villa Now and Villa Then

PRESIDENT WILSON is described by the Administration press as having "his jaw set hard" as he threatens what he will do to various business interests which he says are encouraging VILLA to stand out against the present government of Mexico. If any business interests, for their own purposes, are giving sympathy and encouragement to VILLA, they are only doing what the President of the United States recently did. Doubtless President WILSON can see a distinction between the two cases, but VILLA, being an illiterate brigand, can't. Our own feeling is that neither a business interest nor a government ought to have any sort of understanding with a bandit. When President WILSON's wish to get rid of HUERTA was baffled by that old renegade's skill and stubbornness, then VILLA was taken to the Administration's bosom. He was not only given encouragement and sympathy, but was permitted to have arms. Here, at home, the Administration press used all its facilities to create a public opinion friendly to him. VILLA could last in any American town where his character and deeds were known about as long as it would take the leading citizens to organize a lynching party. WILSON's backing of VILLA was an abandonment of the most fundamental principle of morality for a hurried expediency. It is too much to expect that he can escape the consequences of it.

The Same Old Story

THE PROCEEDINGS of the late New York Republican State Convention, which met very appropriately in one of the decayed-grandeur hotels at Saratoga, read like a volume of epitaphs. The delegates were hand-picked and everything moved without a hitch, the aforesaid delegates being already hitched. WILLIAM BARNES, JR., State chairman, called the meeting to order. ELIHU ROOT, as temporary chairman, made a long speech. It must have been a fine sight to see BARNES nod his solemn approval as ROOT spoke of "the corruption, the profligacy, and the incompetence which have characterized the government of our State under Democratic control." BARNES



THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

knows! CHARLES D. HILLES, who ran the 1912 Taft campaign into the ground, was there and "resolutely" vigorously, as did various other venerable landmarks. The fitness of the Republican party to rule was fearlessly asserted, and the usual vague promises were hashed up into a platform. The times call for new men, not compromised and staled by the old partisan machine politics; for new, clear-cut measures, not for the old patchwork of rhetoric; but these needs found no satisfaction at Saratoga. They are asking New York State to come back to the Republican party. Perhaps New York will, but we doubt it.

The American Spirit

TWO INSTANCES of it came to our attention recently. One was a signed and photographed advertisement: "If you can get better tools than mine, then try them." The other is this incident, related in the "Manufacturers' Record":

The directors of a large corporation had gathered for a conference. In the midst of the gloom one of the directors turned to another and said: "Can you tell me how far a dog can run into the woods?" The other, somewhat ruffled at such a question in time of depression, remarked severely that he supposed a dog could run into the woods just as far as he wanted to. "No," said the interrogator, "when he has run into the woods halfway, he is then running out of the woods."

It is a temper of this sort that keeps our country going.

Looking Forward

IF A HIGH protective tariff can make business good in this country we ought to have it now. This war gives us all the benefits of a prohibitive tariff—and none of the drawbacks. How any man can see anything else than commercial prosperity ahead for the United States passes all understanding.

One Sort of Unemployment

THE JESOP OF OUR DAY (human animals only) is probably Mr. WALT(ER) MASON, whom GEORGE ADE has nominated "high priest of horse sense." The essence of many essays, sermons, investigations, and reports is in this one of the fifteen dozen prose near-poems in his volume "Rippling Waters," entitled "Hunting a Job":

"I would like a situation; I have hunted for it long," said a youth who looked discouraged; "everything that is wrong; there is no demand for labor, no respect for willing hands, hence the people who are idle are as frequent as the sands. I have waited in the pool hall through the long and weary day, and no lucrative position seemed to come along that way; I have stood upon the corner, smoking at my trusty cob, but no merchant came to hire me, though all knew I had no job; I have sat on every doorstep that against me wasn't fenced, you could scarcely find a building that I haven't leaned against; I have smoked a thousand stogies, I have chewed a cord of plug, I have shaken dice with dozens, I have touched each elder jug to sustain my drooping spirits while I waited for a berth with some up-to-date employer who'd appreciate my worth. But the world is out of kilter and the country's out of plumb, and the poor downtrodden voter finds that things are on the bum."

The whole book is full of the same sort of Americanism and explains very clearly how the United States looks at things.

One on Brother Van Valkenburgh

MR. A. B. DETWILER of Sunlight, Va., sends this account of extraordinary doings at Mauch Chunk. He cut the passage from the Philadelphia "North American":

MAUCH CHUNK.—WILLIS SHAFER, son of GEORGE BERTINE SHAFER, who was killed by a lightning bolt on Monday and who crawled a mile to Nesquehoning to tell what happened, is somewhat improved. There are indications that both he and GEORGE YOST, who were struck by the same bolt, will recover. Pennsylvania air certainly does work marvels!

War and Booze

IN PARIS the Prefect of Police has prohibited the drinking of absinthe. In Berlin, as reported by an eyewitness of the mobilization, the soldiers are presented with gifts of everything except alcoholic drink, for an order has gone forth from the Kaiser that, under no pretext, except for medical purposes, is anyone to offer a soldier an intoxicant. The penalties for breaking this order are severe.

The Prefect was sharper than the Kaiser, in that he was not fooled by the old "medical purposes" fake. Both countries got hold of the truth as to the relation between drink and military efficiency. If this stroke of common sense is lasting, part of the cost of this fearful war may be paid out of the money and strength saved by cutting out the liquor.

The Explanation

IN NEW YORK CITY the janitors of the public schools are still part of the political-gang system which used to control all city jobs there. One of these janitors was arrested recently charged with having committed such a revolting crime against a young girl that he had to be imprisoned separately lest the other criminals lynch him. The explanation, as given in one of New York's most reliable newspapers, is as follows:

He had been drinking whisky in a saloon in Harlem on Thursday night and early on Friday morning, and he was intoxicated when he went to the school at 6:30 o'clock in the morning.

We would like to show this to some respectable churchgoing distiller of Peoria or Louisville or Baltimore who has a small daughter going to school, and find out what he thinks of his trade and how he estimates his own guilt in the matter.

Business of Blushing

WHAT DO YOU THINK is the best editorial COLLIER's has published since you have been reading the paper? Some one with a rather exalted idea of the merits

of COLLIER's paragraphs urges the issue of the best of them in a book, and if you have kept a scrap book, or have any decided opinions, why not tell us which ones you like best?

Dedicated to the Cubist Fringe of Reform

WHEN WE HEAR some of these harebrained agitators talking of "property" as if ownership of it in any degree at all were a crime in some higher degree, we are reminded of LINCOLN's reply to a committee of the Workingmen's Association of New York on March 21, 1864:

No man living is more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty—none less inclined to take or touch aught which they have not honestly earned.

Nor should this lead to a war upon property or the owners of property. Property is the fruit of labor, property is desirable, is a positive good to the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built.

It is sound common sense like this, and the courage to phrase it justly, that helps to distinguish the responsible statesman from the demagogue and that type of idealist whose ideals are wind and rain water.

Such Stuff as Verse Is Made Of

OUR IDEA of a good occasion for emotional thrills is the British soldiers moving by night and silently entraining, crossing the Channel, and marching into France for the first time in one hundred years. If there is any poetry left in KIPLING we ought to have it now.



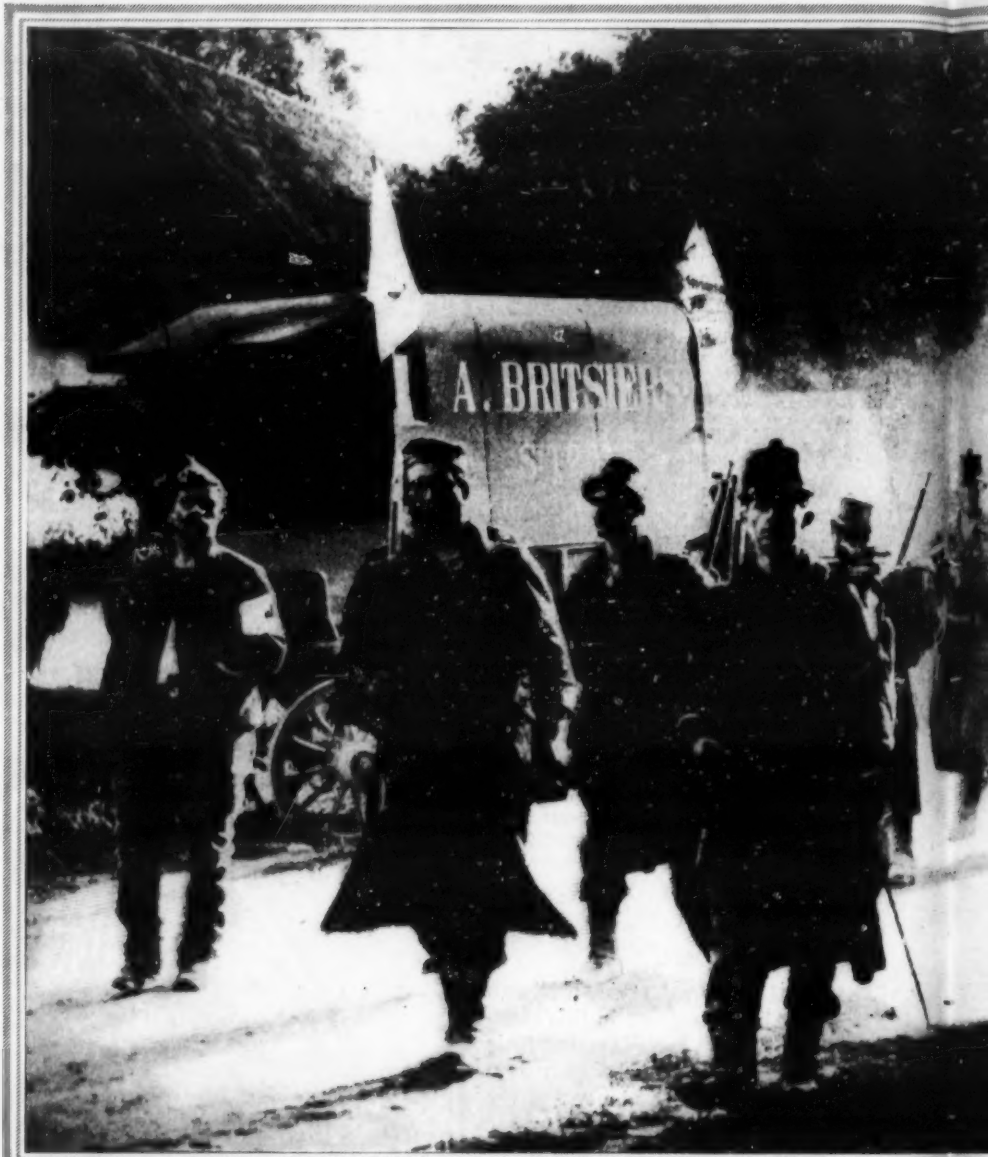
Ich und Bonaparte

By C. R. Weed in the New York Tribune

The Camera's Story, o



MISS ELFRIEDE RIOTE is the only woman military airship pilot in the Kaiser's service. The entire corps of Zeppelin drivers, of which she is a member, is subject to the call to the front in the present war. Up to the time we go to press, aircraft as instruments of destruction have been rather disappointing. The largest number slain in a single instance was when a Zeppelin killed twenty-six non-combatants at Antwerp with a bomb intended for the Belgian royal family. Women and children were among those of the slain, and the incident has been denounced as one of the worst outrages ever committed by civilized men against the rules of warfare.



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BELGIANS HURRYING TO VISE, a frontier village near Liege, where a desperate attempt was made to stop hours, annihilating a platoon of Prussian cavalry before reinforcements reached the Kaiser's troops. The Ger



JAPANESE TROOPS MASSING in a village preparatory to being sent to the front. It was announced the other day that in the campaign to take Kiaochow, Germany's leased province in China, Japan would economize in human lives. In the war with Russia regiment after regiment of Japanese soldiers, particularly of those under General Nogi, was recklessly hurled into the open to be mowed down by a murderous fire

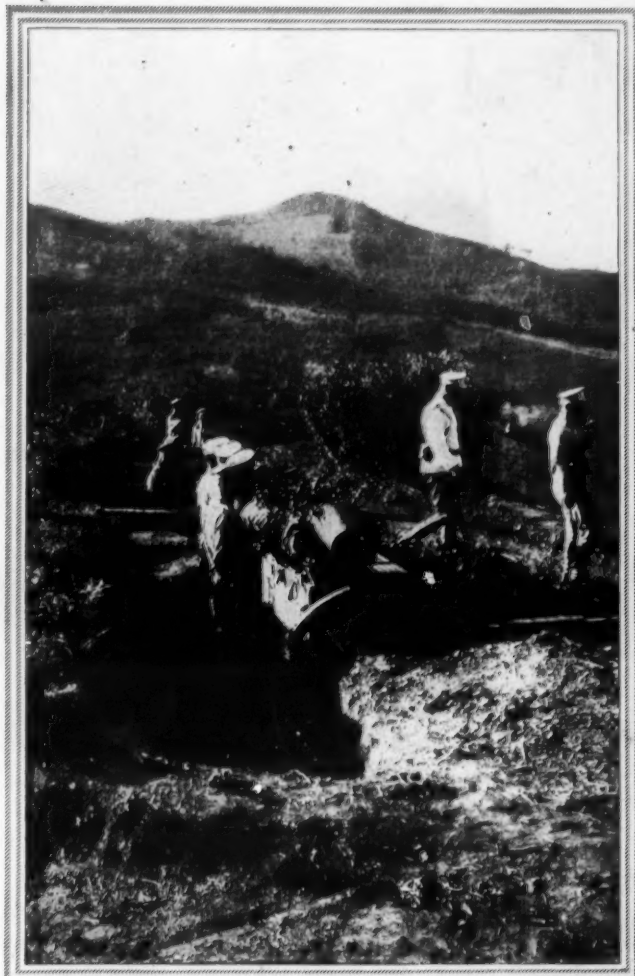


ALPINE GUARDS, members of a famous French regiment. In times of peace they police the Italian border. In times of war they are given them exceptional powers of endurance and

ry of the World at War



made to stop the German advance. These men are typical of the 40,000 who held back 45,000 Germans for several days. The Germans have expressed admiration of Belgian pluck. Julius Caesar did the same thing two thousand years ago



THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE, combined with the French, Belgian and British reverses in the west, has made the Czar's forces the hope of the Allies. Their battle front in East Prussia is seventy-five miles long as we go to press. Our photograph shows a battery of Russian artillery entrenched and ready for action. The St. Petersburg authorities say that they have 3,000,000 immediately available for the campaign against Germany and 2,000,000 opposing the Austrians. Their successes in East Prussia would indicate that the Russians are in much better fighting trim than when they faced the Japanese, who are now their allies



famous French regiment now in the Vosges fighting the police the Italian frontier. Life in the mountains has endurance and as marksmen they have no superiors



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GERMANS IN CAMP after the heavy fighting at Vise and before the main assault upon Liege. The camping outfits of the Kaiser's troops are well-nigh perfect. The men are well fed and in good all-round physical condition. The seasoned regulars are capable of marching forty miles a day, which is probably better than many of their enemies can do. The Germans even provide extra shoes for their cavalry horses



The Novo Idea—

"Contracting is profitable in proportion as Power displaces Labor"

A Novo Engine will do a given piece of work at a small fraction of what it would cost to do the work by labor. As one contractor put it, "Bid low—and put Novo on the payroll."

You can do all of your pumping with Novo Diaphragm, Centrifugal, or Suction and Force pumping outfits.

One contractor, instead of wheelbarrowing his concrete up inclines, put a Novo hoist at work and raised the barrow to the proper level by slipping rings over the handles and catching the wheel with a hook.

Novo is the cheapest possible power for concrete mixers. A Novo Hoist, rigged to a scraper, will fill your trenches at half the cost of hand labor.

**"Bid low—
and put
Novo on the
payroll"**

NOVO
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
**ENGINES
AND OUTFITS**

**NO TANK
NO FAN
NO FREEZING
TROUBLE**

With a little ingenuity, any contractor can put a battery of tireless, dependable Novos at work and cut down his costs enormously.

Novo never shirks—it works from whistle to whistle and sets a pace your workmen must keep up to.

Reliable Power in All Weather

The whole secret of profitable power is reliability. As long as the engine runs, you are making money—when it stops—you lose.

Novo is unquestionably the most reliable power for construction work. It runs in all kinds of weather. Although watercooled, it cannot be damaged by freezing.

In construction, Novo is compact, simple, solid and fool proof. It is infinitely superior to steam, for licensed engineer and fireman are not needed and there is no question of local ordinances regarding types of boilers.

The Novo is an elastic unit. Most of the Outfits are mounted on trucks. Novo is "The Engine for Every Purpose."

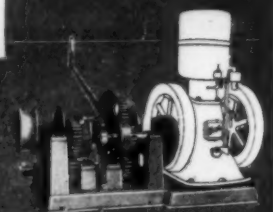
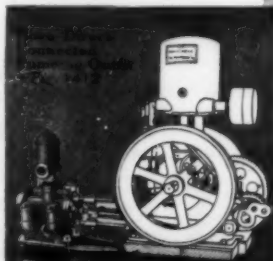
NOVO Engines can be furnished for operating on gasoline, kerosene, alcohol, or distillate.

NOVO ENGINE CO. 460 Willow Street, Lansing, Mich.
CLARENCE E. BEMENT, Secy. and Mgr.

DEALERS: This advertisement will bring thousands of inquiries. Many from your own locality. Ask us for our dealer proposition. Novo offers you a permanent and profitable business.

Send for the Free Book

We have published a book, "Reliable Power," which fully explains Novo features and lists seventy-odd Novo Outfits for contractors and other users of portable power. A few of these are shown below. This book contains profit-making suggestions that will prove invaluable to any contractor. In writing, please use your letterhead, for the book is expensive and we want it to get into the right hands only. It is free.



The "Turcos" or African Troops of France

By
WALTER S. HIATT

THE use by the French of her fierce African troops in this war, and her reliance on her Algerian colonies for food if the war lasts long, has here passed all but unnoted.

Yet there is more than this in Africa's rôle. She is as much the cause of this war as she was of that between Carthage and Rome in the older days of the world, when the great Hannibal first led black troops into Europe.

If Germany wins, France stands to lose an empire which for a half century she has been silently building up in Africa.

We who live on this side of the water know little of the immense fertility of this African continent and of France's loot held there. We do not realize that France is mistress of nearly 50 per cent of a continent which comprises one-fifth of the land of the globe; that she holds nearly one-half of an area larger than the North American continent by just two million square miles. Her actual holdings in Africa take in a rich area nearly twice that of continental United States. They reach from the banks of the Congo River to the shores of the Mediterranean, and from the Atlantic seaboard to the fertile valley of the Nile.

The newspapers here are raving over the expenses of this European war. The money spent in it is a mere bagatelle to the wealth of empire that may be won or lost by it.

England almost went to war with France sixteen years ago because the latter was too rapidly absorbing the African Continent. When Captain Marchand took the territory covering the water sources of the Nile, with the ultimate possibility of diverting them into the Sahara Desert, the Fashoda incident was created. England demanded his retreat with war as an alternative. France withdrew Marchand, but the incident left a bitter feeling. The truth is that the continent of Africa, some thirty years ago was stolen and divided like a big, luscious pie among various European nations, and Germany came late at the cutting. Worse yet, France having seen the pie first, got the biggest share.

Making the Desert Bloom

WITH all Germany's wonderful commercial expansion, which was accelerated by the billion of dollars she exacted as war indemnity from France in 1870, she has ever felt the need of room for territorial expansion. She has citizens who make excellent colonists, but she has had no place to send them. England, France, Holland, and even little Belgium, with its rich African Congo, had all got the start of her. Often must Germany have regretted that she did not also exact from helpless France African territory as well as Alsace and Lorraine. But in those days African territory was little valued.

Setting foot on this African territory in 1815, in the same year that the United States suppressed the pirates at Tunis, in 1830 France really took Algiers, the city and province, to-day only a two days' journey across the Mediterranean from her port of Marseilles. Under such governors as the first—General Charon—year by year, slowly, in the happy-go-lucky, apparently aimless fashion which is the seeming vice of the French, she made headway in northern Africa. Even her deep defeat at the hands of the Germans in 1870 did not stop her.

And this empire, though founded on a dream, is not fruitless. It is one of solid commerce and prosperity. Soldiers of France, in their advance, have not left a trail of blood and fire. When pos-

sible they have used the champagne bottle and a few decorations of the Legion d'Honneur which the natives prize even above the vain French. They have built roads that the Romans might have envied; they have run steel rails through desert and mountain and forest, through far Abyssinia to connect with the Sudan railroads on the Sobat River.

French engineers have drilled wells and drawn water where there was none. The more daring of them propose to tap the Mediterranean and make the Sahara

an inland sea of fertile coasts as it once may have been. They are doing with Africa what we have done with our own great American desert, so primitive and dreary only thirty-five years ago.

"When the English occupy a country," runs an international saying, "they build a customhouse; the Germans a fort; the French a road." To-day the French have 6,000 miles of railway, 25,000 miles of telegraph, and 10,000 miles of telephone in Africa. Trees, grass, cattle, oats, wheat, dates, wine, grapes, olives, potatoes, and beans are grown in abundance. The fisheries of the coast country have been made productive.

Doughty Black Soldiers

WHETHER France will be tricked out of her African possessions—to which, incidentally, may be added the huge island of Madagascar on the south-east coast—as France has of so many of her colonial possessions—is yet to be seen. It is well worth Germany's time and money to try it.

But in the present war what Germany has long feared has come to pass. France is using her black army! Two years ago General Friedrich von Bernhardi of the German army wrote: "If the French succeed in making a large African army available for a European theatre, the estimate of the French army as compared to ours will be quite different."

The quality of these troops is excellent. Hardy by nature, the best of training has been given them. The example is set by the regiments of wild white troops known as the *légion étrangère* and the *battalion des joyeux*. These troops, made up for the most part of Frenchmen too wild to serve in home regiments, have the reputation of fearing neither God nor man. Their battle cry is: "Il y a de la goutte à boire là haut!" (There's something to drink up there!) The African troops, made up of Arabs, Berbers, and other races, led by French officers, are apt pupils for war. They obey an order even better than white men, and have never been known to shirk their share of a fight.

In the initial mobilization of French troops, an army corps of these troops were thrown across the Mediterranean, protected by the powerful French fleet at Toulon. With war undeclared at the end of July, by August 8 black troops were leading bayonet charges at Altkirch and Muelhausen on German frontiers.

France may yet find that the greatest of her achievements in Africa has been the building up of an army there. In peace times the army is limited to about 75,000 men, with perhaps a half million to draw upon for war. Has France affronted civilization by bringing into action on Christian European soil black and Mohammedan troopers? Has she hazarded the moral superiority of the white man? Perhaps. Still, has not the white man disgraced his moral superiority by his desire for *la goutte à boire là haut*?

Percival Gibbon

whose Short Stories are known to American readers almost as are Kipling's, has left for the front to write

A Series of Graphic Articles for Collier's from the Theatre of War

My Mission and Betrayal in England

(Continued from page 14)

No one having called for it, the letter was returned to the chemical company. At their office it was opened and found to contain a typewritten letter in the German language and five ten-pound notes on the Bank of England. The contents of the letter were such as to lead the firm to call in the police.

On a subsequent Sunday afternoon I had just put on my evening clothes, for I was awaiting a party of gentlemen who were coming to dine with me in the hotel at Glasgow. There came a "button" who announced: "There's a gentleman downstairs to see you, Doctor."

A premonition stole over me. I knew that my guests would not have sent for me to come down, but would have been announced. I realized that if I was going to be caught there was no avoiding it. Secret Service makes a man a fatalist.

I took the precaution, however, to slip inside my dinner coat, just under the arm, my little bag of chemicals, so often handy in an emergency. Then I went downstairs; one hand was thrust in my pocket, the other folded across my breast, so that I could snatch the little bag of chemicals in case of need.

Arrested as a Spy

I HAD hardly reached the last step of the grand stairway when four six-foot two-hundred-pound plain-clothes men pounced upon me. I had to do some swift thinking. I could have flung the chemicals in their face and escaped, but I knew I could never get outside of the British Isles without being caught—outside of Glasgow for that matter. Such resistance would only aggravate matters still more, so I let my hand fall down to my side. More for the fun of it than anything else, I guess, I got on my high horse and demanded to know what was the matter.

"You'll soon know," the chief of detectives declared.

He then ordered his men to search me, and seemed amazed when they couldn't find any six-shooters, daggers, or bombs. I was taken back to my room and there he began going through my effects and bundling them up. I knew I was up against it, but I wasn't going to make it any easier for them. I requested Mr. Morris, then manager of the Great Western Hotel, and another witness to be called into my room. These gentlemen were kind enough to put down on paper a description of all my effects that were being taken away by the police. I was extremely careful to see that they noted and described all papers and written matter of any kind. There are often produced in court documents that are not found on a Secret Service agent at the time of his arrest. The chief of the detectives, whose name I have forgotten—I recall him as an uncouth, illiterate bungler who subsequently tried to get a lot of publicity out of my arrest, as if he himself had detected the whole concern, instead of having it thrust under his nose by the London chemical company—was preparing to ride over me roughshod. I insisted that he read the warrant for my arrest, and with much grumbling he finally did so. It had been issued under the new spy clause that had been rushed through the House of Commons. I was charged with endangering the safeguards of the British Empire.

I spent the night in the Glasgow City Prison, and was taken the next day before a magistrate and formally committed to a Sheriff's Court. Within a week my case had come up before the Sheriff's Court. Waiving preliminary examination, I was committed for trial to the Edinburgh High Court. It is significant that the extreme length of a committal without trial, under British law, is one hundred calendar days, which hundredth day, up to the last minute, I certainly waited. They were trying to find out my antecedents, but they did not succeed.

A letter from the Lord Provost informed me that all material for my defense should be in his hands a day before the trial. I had no defense. I neither denied nor admitted anything. I replied to his Lordship that I was unaware of any offense—there was no need of any defense. My attitude was a profound puzzle—which was as I wanted.

If you care to look over the back files of the English and Scottish newspapers of

the time you will read that my trial was "the most sensational court procedure ever held in a Scottish court of justice."

Now I shall reveal every circumstance of it. For the first time I shall explain how, why, and by whom I was secretly released when even the German Foreign Office thought me in jail.

Against me the Crown had summoned forty-two witnesses. They included admirals, colonels, captains, military and naval experts, post-office officials—I cannot recall what all. The press from all parts of Europe—for all Europe was vitally concerned in this trial—was strongly represented. My memory shows me again the crowds that packed the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh on the first day of the proceedings. The imposing names connected with the trial, the strange circumstances, a spy—moreover, a German!—these things brought the excitement to fever heat.

Presiding was the Lord Justice of Scotland, himself no mean expert in military matters. The Solicitor General of Scotland, A. M. Anderson, K. C., who prosecuted for the Crown, was supported by four associates. The Government had indeed an imposing array of bewigged, black-gowned, legal notables marshaled against me. Those familiar with English court procedure know the impressive manner with which justice is dispensed. Punctually at ten on the morning of June 3, 1912, my trial opened. At the time, I am frank to say that I did not think there was a chance of a verdict of guilty being brought in. The evidence against me was too vague.

The Trial a Model of Fairness

EXPRESSING astonishment at my refusal to accept counsel, his Lordship promised to guard my interest on legal points, and guard it he did. Repeatedly he pulled the Solicitor General on more than one point. I am frank in my admiration of British justice. My trial was a model of fairness.

On the first day I waived examination on all witnesses but the naval and military experts. I directed my fire against Admiral Adair, now chief of the Beardmore Gun Works in Glasgow. The Admiral, a typical English gentleman of the naval-officer type, long, lank, with a rather ascetic, clear-cut Roman head, not unlike Chamberlain in general appearance, even to the single eyeglass, did not make much of a showing as an expert witness for the prosecution. The Admiral was called in on testimony concerning the new fourteen-inch gun. The point they were trying to establish was that it was impossible for a man to have my knowledge of these guns unless he had obtained it first-hand from the works in Glasgow. Of course that brought the testimony into technicalities. I managed to involve the Admiral into a heated altercation on the trajectory and penetrating power of the so-much-disputed fourteen-inch gun, when suddenly he checked himself, faced about, and refused to answer in open court.

I maintained that my knowledge of guns was such that I did not need to spy to obtain the things I knew. Subsequently, after being cross-examined by me, another of the Government's naval experts informed the Court:

"It is quite possible for one with a ballistic knowledge, such as the defendant's, to be able, with very little data, to arrive at accurate conclusions regarding our new fourteen-inch gun."

The upshot of it was that the first day of the trial ended with everybody positive that I would not be found guilty on the charge of obtaining secret information about their guns. Of course all this information I had obtained.

On the recess I was pleasantly surprised when a court orderly brought me refreshments from the judge's own table with his Lordship's compliments.

The Text of the Letter

THE second day of the trial brought the chemical firm's letter into the testimony—the letter that had been refused me and had in turn gone back to the chemical company. Very gravely A. M. Anderson, Crown prosecutor, read the contents of this letter aloud. It was:

DEAR SIR: We are pleased to learn of your successful negotiation of the business at hand. We pleased to send us an early sample. As regards the other mat-

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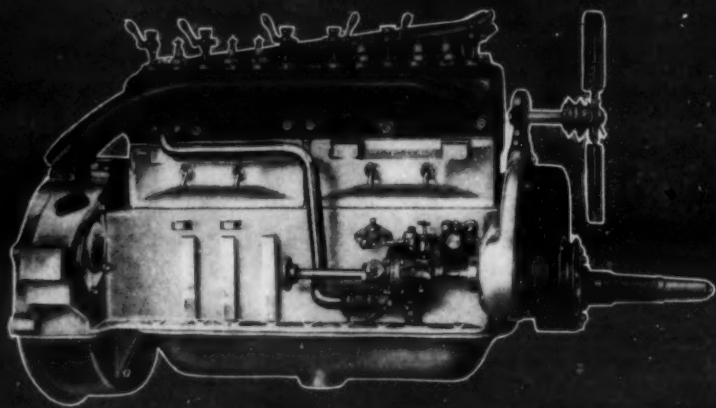
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ter in hand, I do not know how useful it will be to us. In any case my firm is not willing to pay you more than £100 in this case.

It was unsigned. While reading, Anderson held the five £10 notes in his hand. Upon finishing he began a vigorous indictment, which in substance he de-claimed in this way:

"On the face of it, this letter does not seem suspicious. But if you gentlemen will recall the times of Prince Charles's insurrections—a period when intrigues were going on—you will remember that in communications of this sort a government was always referred to as a 'firm.' If this was an honest business letter, why was it inclosed in the envelope stationery of a company that knew nothing about it? Why was this letter unsigned? Why was cash inclosed with it? What was his firm willing to pay £100 for? Gentlemen, the reasons for all these things are obvious."

Still, the letter puzzled not only the Court, the jury, the newspapers, but all England. For the first time I shall now explain it:

It was from the German Government. By the "business in hand" they meant a new explosive and slow-burning powder that was to be used in the new type of fourteen-inch turret guns being made in Glasgow. Some of that explosive was in my possession. The fact that it was not discovered in my effects, nor that anything else incriminating was found on me, is because the secret agent who knows his business leaves nothing about; rather he "plants" things—that is, leaves them in, say, a safe-deposit vault with the key in the hands of an outside person.

"I Knew They Had Me"

BY the "sample" in the letter was meant a sample of the explosive. The "other matter in hand" was spoken of as of tremendous importance, more vital to the safeguards of Britain than the other points mentioned in the letter, but it is something I cannot divulge at the present time. Later I shall.

I had judged my jurymen right, for they were very little impressed by this letter. It was all too vague, and even the fluent language of a Crown prosecutor does not impress a hard-headed Scotchman. I was feeling in high spirits indeed when I saw one of the attendants approach Mr. Anderson and deliver a document that had been handed into court. I at once recognized it, and my heart dropped into my shoes. The Solicitor General read the document and smiled. He called his colleagues together, showed it to them, and they smiled. Thereupon he made a request that court be adjourned until the next day. I knew they had me.

The Tell-Tale Code Is Produced

ON the following morning, in addressing the court, the Solicitor General produced two pieces of thin paper—the same that had been brought in on the previous afternoon.

"I have got to show the court," he said impressively, "the most deadly code ever prepared against the safeguards of Great Britain."

And it certainly was. It contained the name of every vessel in the British navy, every naval base, fortification, and strategic point in Great Britain. There were over ten thousand names, and opposite each was written a number. For example, the dreadnought *Queen Mary* was No. 813.

As I have confessed, I am superstitious. And have I not reason to be? It was the letter to the chemical company that got me caught in the first place.

And my secret code was written in a book issued for the use of physicians. Both times the mark of that firm was upon me.

Using a magnifying glass, I had written in tiny characters my code. There were so many names it was impossible to memorize them all. Two opposite

sheets of the little memorandum book were used, then the edges of the pages were pasted together. Whenever I learned the British warships were going to put to sea I slipped the book in my pocket, went to a position of vantage where I could make out the silhouettes of the warships, classified them in my mind, and then writing out a cable, put down the code numbers, say in this way: 214, 60, 700, 910, 24. (Necessary words were filled in by the A. B. C. code.)

This message was sent by way of Brussels or Paris to the Intelligence Department of the German Admiralty in Berlin, and told them what warships were putting to sea or arriving at Rosyth.

The accidental finding of this code, of course, settled all further argument. I called no witness for the defense except two or three personal acquaintances, to each of whom I put this question:

"What is your knowledge of my attitude as regards England?"

They all declared that even if I was a spy in the pay of any foreign government, I certainly had never shown any personal feeling or animosity toward Great Britain.

But Why a Short Sentence?

ALL of which I figured might aid the cause of clemency. The jury was out not more than half an hour. I was found guilty of endangering the safeguards of the British Empire, and under the new law that had been aimed against German spies I was liable to seven years' penal servitude. Even then my spirits were not down. I had what you Americans call "a hunch."

Just before his Lordship, the Chief Justice, summed up, an aristocratic, gray-clad Englishman, who never had been in the court room before, appeared and was courteously, almost impressively, conducted to the bench. I noticed that the Chief Justice bowed to him with unction, and they had about two minutes' whispered conversation. His Lordship was nodding repeatedly. This worried me. I felt I was going to get it hot.

But, in substance, his Lordship's verdict was:

"Taking all the circumstances into consideration, the Court pronounces a sentence of eighteen months' imprisonment."

A murmur of astonishment was audible. Everybody in court was surprised. I heard gasps all around me, especially among the foreign newspaper reporters. With everybody expecting seven years of penal servitude, eighteen months of plain imprisonment was a bombshell. Why?

In Prison

I WAS taken first to Calton Hill Jail, Edinburgh, and transferred after two weeks to Barlinnie Prison, near Glasgow. Considering the circumstances, I was treated with surprising consideration. The conditions that had characterized my trial prevailed in the prison. I soon perceived that the Barlinnie Prison officials were trying to sound me in a canny Scotch way—with no result.

"You're foolish to stay in here. You must have something worth while. Why don't you get out?"

That was the gist of their talks with me, from the warders up. I kept my mouth shut.

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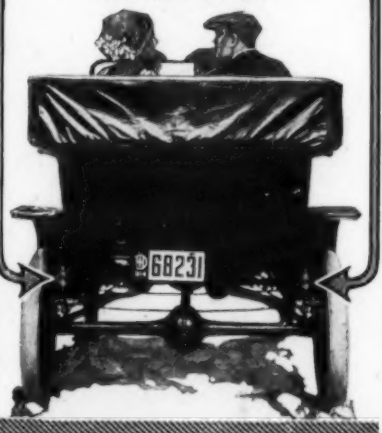
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was denied the House of Commons upon the occasion of an inquiry into my case.

On the fifth week of my imprisonment I was taken to the office of the Governor of the prison. As I entered I saw a slight, soldierly looking English gentleman of the cavalry type. (A cavalry officer has certain mannerisms that invariably give him away to one who knows.) The Governor spoke first:

"Graves, here is a gentleman who wishes to see you."

An English Proposal

THE stranger nodded to the Governor and said:

"I may be quite a while. You have your instructions."

"That's all right, sir," replied the Governor.

The Governor left and we were alone. The stranger rose.

"My name is Robinson, Doctor; please take a seat."

Of course, being a prisoner, I had remained standing. Robinson began some casual conversation.

"How are they treating you?"

"I have no complaints to make."

"Is the confinement irksome to you?"

"Naturally." I looked him straight in the face. "I am a philosopher—Kismet, Captain."

"Oh—ho," he explained. "You address me as Captain. Wherefore this knowledge? We have never met."

"No," I replied. "But I have associated too long with various types of army officers not to be able to detect a British cavalry officer. Formerly of the Hussars, I take it?"

He laughed for some time. He continued feeling his way in this manner. Then suddenly he changed front. Point blank he asked me:

"Now, old chap, we know that you worked for Germany against us. We also know that you are not a German. Is there any reason why you should not work for us? Any private reason?"

"Captain," I said, "you of all men ought to know that the betrayal of your employers for a monetary reason alone or for merely personal liberty is never entertained by a man who has been in my work. We go into it with our eyes open, well knowing the consequences if we are caught. We do not squeal if we are hurt."

Treachery from Berlin?

FOR a time he looked at me very earnestly.

"H'm," he said. "That just bears out what we have been able to ascertain about you. It puzzled us how a man of your known ability acted the way you did. From the moment you landed in England, all the time you were doing your work, even after your arrest, in prison and in court you showed a sort of listless, almost an indifferent, attitude. If I may put it this way, you seemed in no way keen to go to extremes in any possible mission you might have had." He paused. "We think you could have done more than you did. The mildness of your sentence—has it surprised you?"

I grinned.

"Nothing surprises me, Captain."

His manner became very earnest.

"Supposing," he said, "we show you that it was a quasi deliberate intention on the part of your employers to have you caught—what then?"

This did not startle me either. I had an idea of that all along. It is why I played my cards so quietly, why I did not accomplish in England everything I had a chance to accomplish. I did not grin this time.

"Under those circumstances," I said, "I am open to negotiations. But I am rather deaf and my vision is very much obscured as long as I see bars in front of my window."

The Captain smiled.

"Well, Doctor, I may see you again soon."

"Captain, I have not the slightest doubt but that you will. But let it be understood, please, that it's a waste of time so long as I am behind bars."

"Leave that to me," he said, and we shook hands.

The Proofs Are Shown

I WAS taken back to my cell. I am frank to admit that I didn't sleep much for the next two or three nights. All through my trial and in Barlinney I had been playing a part. When the occasion demanded I could be cool as I was with Captain Robinson. But that was a strain, and it took it out of me. During these following days I was nervous; I had insomnia; I paced my cell at nights.



We never fully appreciate a peaceful home 'till th' neighbors next door or over th' way get t' fightin'. Jest now "My Country 'Tis of Thee" hez a kind of a "Home Sweet Home" sound to it.

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Almost all household supplies are bought without checking the amount delivered.

Gas is a commodity which does not ask to be bought on faith. It is measured on your premises, as you use it, and all you have to do is to verify the gas meter reading (a simple process which your Gas Company will show you how to do yourself) and you can satisfy yourself that you are getting what you pay for.

Your gas meter is a simple and accurate measuring machine. This is proved by thousands of tests made by City and State authorities whose records are accessible to the public.

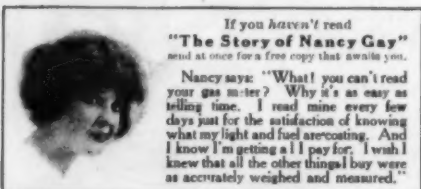
Your Gas Company stands ready at all times to aid you in securing the most efficient results from the use of its product, but it cannot, without your co-operation, control the amount or the way it is used after it passes through the meter.

The men who make and sell you gas are MERCHANTS. They have invested a large sum of money in your community. They are there to stay. Possibly, you are a shareholder with them.

Wisdom, as well as common honesty, leads them to strive for public confidence and to see that you get what you pay for. They want to keep on doing business with you.

When you buy GAS, YOU GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR.

Send for the free booklets: "A Thousand Uses for Gas," "The Hygienic Value of Gas Lighting."



If you haven't read
"The Story of Nancy Gay"
send at once for a free copy that awaits you.

Nancy says: "What! you can't read your gas meter? Why it's as easy as telling time. I read mine every few days just for the satisfaction of knowing what my light and fuel are costing. And I know I'm getting a full pay for. I wish I knew that all the other things I buy were as accurately weighed and measured."

National Commercial Gas Association

29 West 39th Street, New York City

The feeling of a jail is cold and thick. But, as I expected, another week brought Captain Robinson again. This time it was late in the evening, after all the prisoners were shut up tight. The Lieutenant Governor himself took me into the Governor's office. No other warder or prison official observed us.

"Well, Doctor," was the way Robinson greeted me. "I have something definite to propose to you. You can be of use to us. You have still sixteen months of your sentence to serve. Are you willing to give these sixteen months of your time to us—terms later to be agreed upon? I am prepared to supply you with proofs that you were deliberately put away, betrayed by your employers, the German Government."

He did so to my complete satisfaction. As I guessed, I had come to learn so much of Germany's affairs that I was dangerous. To betray me in such a way that I would not suspect and squeal was a clever way to close my mouth for seven years in jail, or until all plans had either matured or failed.

"How would you suggest that we go about it?" he asked.

"To be of the slightest degree of use to you, nobody must know of my release," I added. "Here is my suggestion. I must leave the execution of it to you. The impression I conveyed around Edinburgh was that my health is rather indifferent. So it is also believed here in the prison. On those grounds it should be an easy matter for you to have me ostensibly transferred to another prison, but instead of that have me taken wherever you wish to. I see no necessity that, outside the Lieutenant Governor, the Governor, and yourself, anyone need know of it."

"Yes, yes," said Robinson. "That coincides with my own ideas and plans." Presently he departed and I went back again to my cell.

Release at Last

AT half past five the next morning I was aroused by the Lieutenant Governor. He was alone. There were no warders in sight. In the Governor's office I found all my clothes and effects ready and laid out for me. I dressed and left with the Lieutenant Governor. We took a taxicab for the Caledonian Station in Glasgow. Few people were abroad in Glasgow at that time of day, and there was no danger of recognition. The trip to London was uneventful. At Euston Station we were met by Captain Robinson. We went into a private waiting room, where Captain Robinson signed a paper for the Lieutenant Governor. It was what amounts to a receipt for the prison's delivery of me into his hands. Then the Lieutenant Governor left us; then Robinson, after handing over an envelope containing cash and instructions, left.

I was alone and free. I could then and there have disappeared. Obviously, the English Government trusted me fully.

My first move was to register at the Russel Square Hotel. Opening the envelope in my rooms, I found it contained £10 and the following instructions:

"Telephone at 10.30 to-morrow morning; this number, Mayfair —."

A Trip to Downing Street

I TELEPHONED the Mayfair number and was told to hold the wire. Then Captain Robinson got on the phone and told me to meet him at luncheon at one o'clock at the Imperial Hotel, Trafalgar Square. There another gentleman joined us—a Mr. Morgan, whom I easily judged and afterward knew to be of the English Secret Service. Presently Morgan told me that I was to drive with Captain Robinson to Downing Street that afternoon.

"One of our Ministers wishes to see you," he exclaimed.

We drove to Downing Street, Captain Robinson and I, and stopped before the historic government building. After we had signed the book that all visitors to "Downing Street" must sign, I was ushered into an anteroom, and Robinson took his leave. My name appears on this book as Trenton Snell, and if the English Government challenges a statement that I shall subsequently make, let them produce the "Downing Street" book for the date I shall mention; let them have a handwriting expert compare the name, "Trenton Snell," with my handwriting. I make this statement, because what followed is of great importance.

After a twenty-minute wait, which impressed me as being different from the slam-in and slam-out methods of the Wilhelmstrasse, I was shown up a flight of stairs. The attendant knocked on the door, opened it, and announced: "The gentleman."

I was facing

Sir Edward Grey.

He was seated behind a big green-covered mahogany desk. I noticed that the room seemed like a private library; books, memoranda, letters, and dispatch cases littered, not only the desk, but the

tables and chairs. The eye was struck by a huge piece of furniture—a tall, leather-covered easy chair. I present these details for obvious reasons.

The First Diplomat of England

SIR EDWARD, looking small in the big armchair, was seated with his legs crossed. He was reading some document, and without a sign of recognition he kept me standing there, it must have been ten minutes. I noticed that he glanced at me now and then above the top of the paper. Abruptly he told me to have a seat. When I said that I preferred to stand, he nodded and, pulling open a drawer, took from it a folder that, as subsequent events verified, I suspected to be a report on me. There was another period during which he seemed to be unaware of my presence, and I took advantage of it to size up my man. He impressed me as being one of those intolerable, typically English fideles, which only that nation seems able to produce in her public servants. Presumably through a century-long contact with the races of the East, the English diplomat of the Sir Edward Grey type presents the bland, imperturbable, noncommittal, almost inane expression of the Oriental that hardly gives one any criterion of the tremendous power of perception and concentration beneath the mask. After playing with his monocle, he said:

"I presume you are familiar with Germany's naval activity."

"Up to a certain point, sir."

"What point?" he asked quickly.

"I am familiar only with the Intelligence Department of the Admiralty," I replied.

"Their system?" he asked. "Is it so extensive and efficient as we have been led to believe?"

"That cannot be exaggerated."

At this Sir Edward began to throw out innuendos, to which I replied in like vein. The interview was not progressing. Finally he came out with what was in his mind.

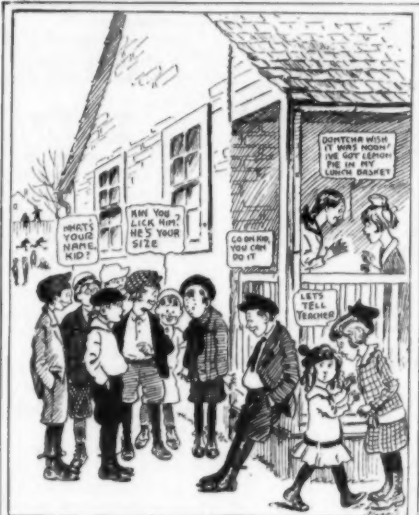
"Do you know if any officials or naval officers are selling or negotiating to sell information to foreign intelligence departments?"

Although he had not said English officers or officials, I knew what he meant, but I made up my mind not to tell everything I knew.

"There are such," I replied.

It had the effect of making him look at me in a most startled manner.

"How do you know that? On what



The First Day at School

Sketches from Awayback

Reo the Fifth

A Super-Car

\$1,175

Equipped
F.O.B. Lansing

Fall Series

5-Passenger Touring Car or Roadster

Better Than It Need Be

By an Average of 50 Per Cent

R. E. Olds took this position when he first brought out Reo the Fifth:

The usual standards are not good enough for men who buy cars to keep.

So he built this super-car—a car of extremes, of vast over-capacity—ultra in its fineness, its exactness, its materials and its costly features.

This car has won men by the legions to a better grade of car.

New Additions

Countless new things have been added since this car came out. Nearly all you see is new—body, finish and equipment. And there are many

new chassis features. No car is kept more up-to-date. None has more new-style beauty.

But the standards have not been altered. The car is still built better than it need be, by an average of 50 per cent.

Severe Tests

We send test cars over country roads for 10,000 miles of rough driving. Then take them apart and inspect them. That's to learn how strong parts must be to keep their newness after years of service.

The car has 35 horsepower, but every test is based on requirements of a 50-horsepower motor.

One whole building is devoted to these tests. There steels are analyzed. There gears are tried out in a 50-ton crusher. There vital parts are required to show at least 50 per cent over-capacity.

6 Weeks to Build

We spend six weeks on each car to get utter exactness, to make sure that each part is perfect.

We use 15 roller bearings,

190 drop forgings. We use a very costly clutch to prevent the strain of gear clashing. Every chassis part is built to stand abnormal shocks.

Then we give you here the one-rod control, found in no other car. A simple turn of the wrist does the gear shifting.

In these ways we add about \$200 to the necessary cost of each car. But we save the average user twice that in troubles, repairs and upkeep.

Cost Lowered

Reo the Fifth used to cost, with full equipment, \$220 more than now. Standardization has brought that cost down. Special machinery, high efficiency and a model plant have helped. This latest model offers a value which two years ago was impossible.

This is the Long-Time Car

Reo the Fifth is built for men who want a long-time car—a car to stay new—to render years of perfect service. With proper care, a car like this should run 100,000 miles.

It is built to save trouble, upkeep and repairs. It is built to stand shocks and strain. The longer you own it the more it will show its supremacy.

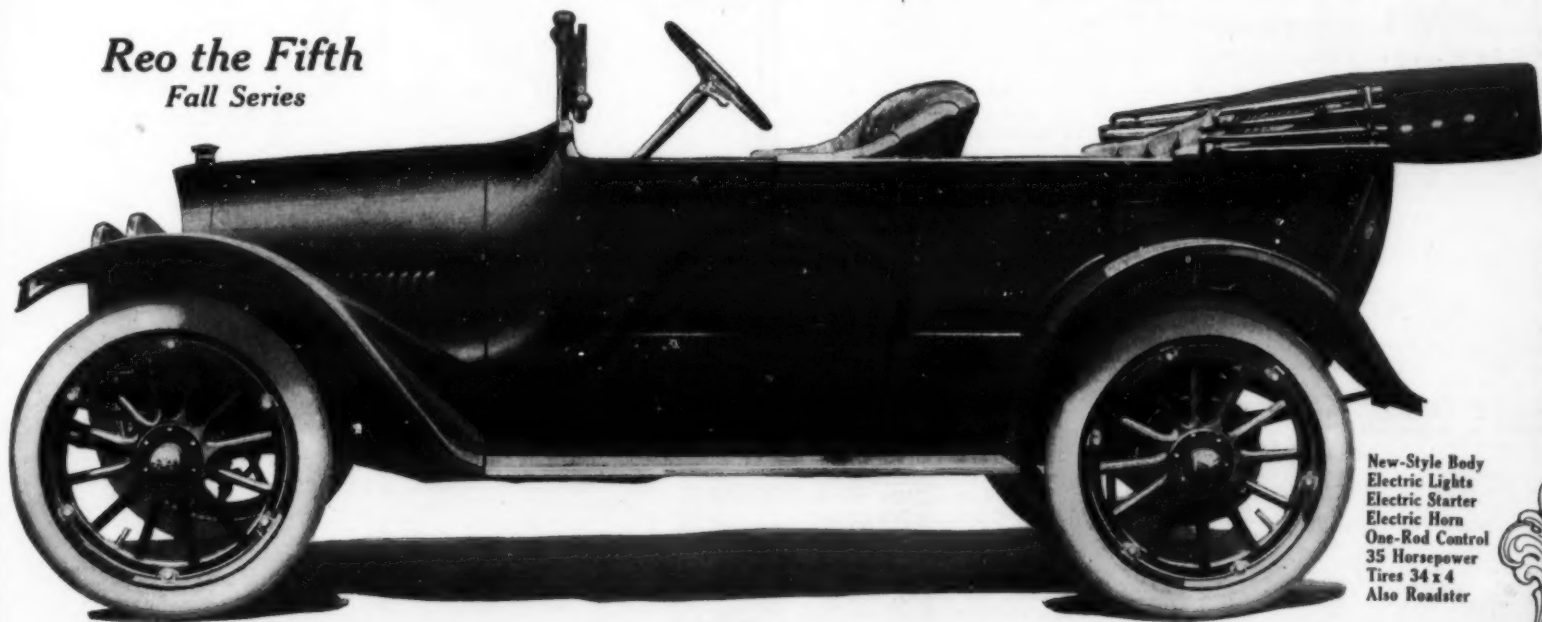
Men are buying this car now faster than we can build it. There are 25,000 of them running today, showing how the car stands up. If you look at the facts or talk with users, you will choose this well-built car.

We have dealers in 1155 towns. Write for Reo Magazine, which tells and pictures how this car is built.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Lansing, Michigan

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont. Canadian Price, \$1,575

Reo the Fifth Fall Series



New-Style Body
Electric Lights
Electric Starter
Electric Horn
One-Rod Control
35 Horsepower
Tires 34 x 4
Also Roadster

Equipment includes mohair top with full side curtains, mohair slip cover, clear vision ventilating windshield, speedometer, non-skid tires on rear wheels, extra rim and improved tire bracket, pump, jack, complete tool and tire outfit, foot and robe rails.



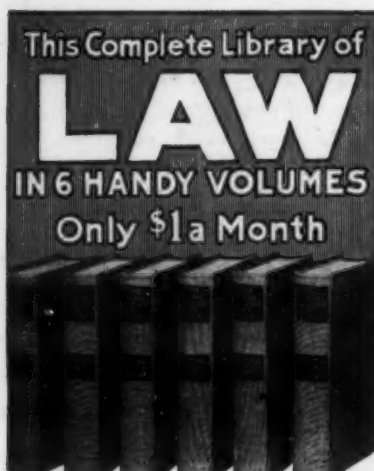
Light Up A Wellington

and know what a cool, dry, clean smoke really is. That well principle keeps all moisture away from the tobacco, so it burns ash to the last grain. There's no chance for contact of tobacco and saliva, and your tongue is protected by the upward bore of the bit. Jam your favorite brand into

The Wellington

There's a shape for every taste, made from genuine French briar, guaranteed against burning through or cracking. Smoke a Wellington—25c, 35c, 50c, up, at good dealers.

William Demuth & Company
New York



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LAW
IN 6 HANDY VOLUMES
Only \$1 a Month

"Ignorance of the law excuses no man"

THAT'S LAW. You can't always "guess" the law. You may not have time to "study" law. Lawyers come high—especially some of them. **BUT YOU MUST KNOW LAW.**

THIS splendid little handy LIBRARY OF LAW is prepared for the average man—the business man—the doctor—the teacher—the minister—the man who works for others—the man who works for himself—the man who writes—the man who has money and the man who has not—EVERY MAN. This Library is a work to read at odd times and a reference work combined. The language is simple, direct, plain, and it covers every subject you need to know about. Here are just a few of them: "Wills"—"Mortgages"—"Deeds"—"Farm Laws"—"Landlord and Tenant"—"Leases"—"Copyrights"—"Trade Marks"—"Partnerships"—"Letters of Credit"—"Trusts"—"Corporations"—"Stockholders"—"Dividends"—"Marriage"—"Parental Relation"—"Employer and Employee"—"Assault"—"Defamation"—"Libel"—"Criticism"—"Self Defense"—"Automobile Laws"—"Patents"—"Contracts"—"Fraud"—"Damages"—"Negotiable Paper"—"Indorsements"—"Promissory Notes"—"Checks"—"Bills of Exchange"—"Bonds"—"Agents"—"Banks"—"Bankruptcy," etc.

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Write can't begin to tell you all about this splendid set of books, so we are not going to try. We want to send you the books themselves—the Complete Set of 6 handy volumes, measuring 4 1/2 by 7 1/2 inches, so that you can examine all the volumes and decide for yourself if they are just the books you want—and need. If you decide to keep them, just send us \$1 as first payment, and \$1 a month thereafter, after for 6 months. Put if you do not wish to keep the books after 6 months, then you may send price of \$6 is paid. If I do not wish to keep the books, I will notify you in seven days, and the books are then to be returned at your expense as offered Collier's Weekly readers.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

grounds do you make that assertion?" His agitation was ill concealed.

"I have no specific proof," I replied (which I had), "but from information that has been gained, from plans that have been secured—plans like those of your dreadnought *Queen Mary* and the *Ajaz*—it is obvious that these things have been done with the cooperation of high officials of your country."

To the United States

HE pressed me for further details, but I withheld them. I could have told him a pretty story about the plans of the *Queen Mary* and the *Ajaz*. He fell to studying a rather voluminous report; then he began anew with his innuendos. I guessed what was coming. Although his speech was more prolonged than I shall now present it, this is the gist of what he asked:

"Were you ever present at conferences attended by high officials? Were you, for instance, at the Schlangenbad meeting? Have you any data? Any documentary evidence of having been there?"

I was not a bit startled. I had guessed it would be that. His very question showed that it was useless for me to deny that I had been at the Black Forest conference. Possibly Churchill, recalling my meeting him during the Boer War, had dropped a word about this coincidence to his Lordship. Naturally, I told him I possessed no such data. I deemed it wise to keep my own counsel.

My unsatisfactory answers seemed to displease Sir Edward Grey, for with true British discourtesy he abruptly began working at something on his desk, and, without even saying good day, let a commissary bow me out.

A few days later I received definite instructions from Captain Robinson. I was to go on a mission in the interests of the British Secret Service. And these instructions ultimately resulted in the mission which brought me to the United States.

The Turning of Joe

(Concluded from page 11)

watching the scene, his lips parted in a contemptuous sneer.

"Hae a smoke!" Sandy called to him.

"I buy smokes," he answered.

"As ye please," Sandy gave the box back to Joe.

THE happy father, without a moment's hesitation, walked over to Mike: "Mistee Mike, taka a smookie!" Mike's answer was a quick, upward blow of his arm. He hit the box and the cigars scattered in many directions to fall in the grease and blackstrap of the haulage road. "What's a dago's kid?" he roared, and cursed Joe's son.

For the next five minutes local history was rapidly made at the mine opening. Mike's curse and Joe's embittered cry were the overture to a show we shan't soon forget. The mouse attacked the cat. The miners could hardly realize that Joe had dared to strike his tormentor until Joe and Mike were wrestling on the ground. Not a word was spoken; it was a fight to the death.

"Mike's killing him," some one cried when Mike had Joe underneath his body. "Separate them!" was shouted from the edge of the crowd.

Big Lars reached down his powerful hands and grasped Mike by the shoulder. With an effort he raised him up.

A wild cry burst from the watchers. Joe's hands were clinging to Mike's throat with the strength of a steel trap. "It's Mike that's done for!" Jack's shout was triumphant.

ONE of the men threw his arms around Joe's body and gave him a violent jerk. The small, wiry fingers released the clutch that had been choking the life out of Mike.

"Me kill! Me kill!" Joe's scream was deadly. "He say hell, my boy!" The foreman must needs help hold the Italian. Mike sank limply to the ground.

When, with dazed eyes, Mike managed to sit up, his hand seeking his throat to caress the bruises made by Joe's fingers, Joe crouched again to make another spring at him. But Big Lars threw him back. "That ban plenty, Joe."

Mike gave a shudder.

"Away to your work!" the foreman ordered, adding, "and I'm thinking, lads, that Joe'll hae na trouble tae get a square deal the noo. The bairn's done that much for him."

Barrett Specification Roofs

A good building and a good roof

A fine, big, permanent building like this usually carries a Barrett Specification Roof. Why?

Well, first—because it's big. Mere bigness compels a careful study of costs—and the cost of a Barrett Specification Roof is lower than that of any other permanent roof.

Second—its bigness compels careful study of future maintenance costs and the maintenance cost of a Barrett Specification Roof is practically nothing. It will usually last

20 years or more without painting or tinkering of any kind.

Third—Being a first-class modern building, it is safe to suppose that it is being built by a first-class, up-to-date architect or engineer, and such live men know the low unit cost of Barrett Specification Roofs.

Big schools, big factories, big warehouses, big piers, big apartments, big office buildings, big everything usually have Barrett Specification Roofs. For small buildings they are just as economical and satisfactory.

Special Note

We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding.

If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

A copy of The Barrett Specification with roofing diagrams mailed free on request.

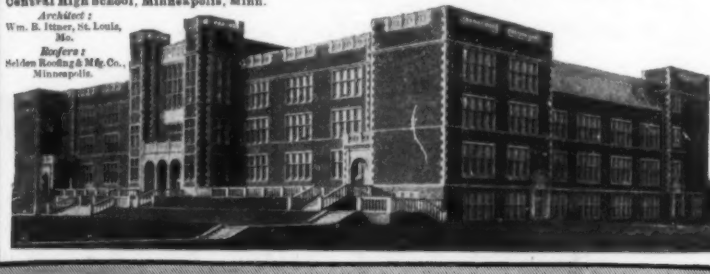
BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Cincinnati
Pittsburgh Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis Seattle
THE PATTERSON MFG. CO., Ltd.: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. E. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

Central High School, Minneapolis, Minn.

Architect:
Wm. B. Stone, St. Louis,
Mo.

Roofers:
Helen Roofing & Mfg. Co.,
Minneapolis.



Keep Your Razor Sharp

It is impossible to wipe a razor absolutely dry. Consequently invisible rust is always eating away the microscopic teeth that give a razor its shaving power. This is why your razor becomes dull—rust does it! Nothing keeps a razor in such fine shaving trim as

3-in-One oil

Use it this way and see for yourself: Before shaving, draw razor between thumb and first finger moistened with 3-in-One. Then strop with a few drops on the strop. Avoid making strop wet with oil. After shaving repeat this process. This checks rust and absolutely preserves the edge—microscopic rust cannot form—the cutting edge must stay keen.

3-in-One is sold in hardware, drug and general stores. 1 oz. bottle 10c; 3 oz. 25c; 8 oz. 1/2 pt. 50c. Also in Handy Oil Cans, 3 1/2 oz. 25c. If your dealer doesn't keep these cans, we will send one by parcel post, full of good 3-in-One, for 30c.

FREE—Write for a generous free sample and 3-in-One Dictionary.
THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
42 ANN. Broadway, N. Y.

These Men

Have the World's Most Wonderful MEMORIES

THEY can instantly give the population of any place in the world of over 5,000—

THEY can give every important date in world-history—

THEY have 300,000 Facts and Figures stored away in their brains.

William, Max, and Felix Berol are the names of these three remarkable men and a few years ago their memories were distressingly poor. The Berol brothers' amazing efficiency was developed through their own simple, practical method.

The Berol method is now being taught under the direction of William Berol with great success to large classes in leading educational institutions in New York City. William Berol will teach it to YOU, by mail.

He Can Build YOUR Memory So That It Will Never Fail

You need never forget Names, Faces, Dates, Telephone Numbers; this simple system will cure mind-wandering and teach concentration; you can remember the facts in a book after one reading; you can recall any episode that you wish; you can become a clear thinker, and in public speaking never be at a loss for a word. Give William Berol a few spare minutes daily, at home, and you will be astonished. He guarantees to strengthen your memory immeasurably.

FREE CONFIDENTIAL PARTICULARS by mail. Ask to-day on a Post Card. Address
Funk & Wagnalls Company, Dept. 163, New York

Packer No. 8 Hears from a Pipe-Lover

To insure the complete satisfaction of every smoker of Edgeworth tobacco and as part of the guarantee that goes with every package a small slip is packed into every large size tin or humidor package of Edgeworth. This slip urges a return of the tobacco if it is not satisfactory and bears a number that identifies the packer.

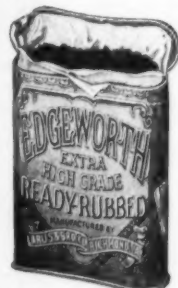
Here is, in part, what one smoker had to say when he read his slip.

Packer No. 8,
c/o Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Sir, Madam or Miss:—I have just dug down to the bottom of a one pound can of "Edgeworth" evidently packed by you, and I found the enclosed notice; wherein your boss asks me to notify them in case I found any irregularity in the box in which the notice was packed. As I found no irregularity and as they asked for nothing more I thought I would tell you what else I found; e.g. "The Best Bunch of tobacco I ever smoked." A friend, (I was going to say a true friend, but then I reserve that expression for my old "dudeen" exclusively) gave me this pound box of "Edgeworth"—hence this letter, and now it's me for more as the last smoke was as good as the first, just as moist and held the same quality and flavor—you can tell your "boss" that there was no irregularity—no, it was all regular—yes, a regular find.

Yours in a decent smoke,
A. J. M.

Not every man is as fortunate as Mr. A. J. M. He was lucky enough to have a friend who introduced him to Edgeworth by presenting him with a full pound.



There's no need for you to wait until some acquaintance yields to an inspiration and gives you a package of Edgeworth to judge.

You can get it from us by asking for it. Just put yourself in a receptive frame of mind, say to yourself, "Well, since it costs nothing, I will give this Edgeworth a trial," then send us a postcard with your name and your dealer's name on it.

We will promptly send you a package of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed Smoking Tobacco, free. Whether you will like it or not remains to be seen, but you should see some of the glad letters we get from men who have found Edgeworth just what they wanted.

Don't you think it's always worth while to try out a pipe tobacco?

Edgeworth is made from the finest tobacco that grows on the ground, and it comes in two forms, Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed, and is on sale practically everywhere.

The retail price of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is 10c for pocket size tin, 50c for large tin and \$1.00 in handsome humidor packages. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply. A sample of Ready-Rubbed is free if you mention your dealer's name. If you love good pipe tobacco, you will really favor us by asking for this sample.

Write to Larus & Brother Co., 3 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Bro. Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton, of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed, by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

\$200 DOWN

EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS

Great DIAMOND SALE!

All prices are smashed during this wonderful special sale. This is your opportunity to get that long-wanted diamond at a great saving!

PERFECT-CUT DIAMONDS—\$25

On 30 Days Home Trial!

Beautiful white diamonds—ladies' or gentlemen's as low as \$25. We save you big money. Free inspection allowed before you decide.

Send Postal for FREE Catalog

Get this great bargain book today. Dazzling display of fine diamonds, jewelry, watches. All sold on free trial and money back if you want it. Write today.

ALFRED WARE COMPANY, Dept. 49, St. Louis, Mo.

A Fortune to the Inventor
who reads and heads it, is the possible worth of the book we send for 6 cents postage. Write us at once.
R. S. & B. LACEY, Dept. C WASHINGTON, D. C.

Bealby

(Continued from page 15)

who's fought us like a rat. Been committing all sorts of crimes about the country. Five pounds reward for him." "Fruit stealing?" asked Mr. Benshaw. "Yes," said Mr. Rymell, chancing it.

MR. BENSHAW reflected slowly. His eyes surveyed his trampled crops. "Good Lord!" he cried. "Look at those strawberries!" His voice gathered violence. "And that lout there!" he said. "Why!—he's lying on them. That's the brute who went for me!"

"You got him a pretty tidy one aside the head!" said Maccullum.

The tramp rolled over on some fresh strawberries and groaned pitifully.

"He's hurt," said Mr. Mumby.

The tramp flopped and lay still.

"Get some water!" said Rymell, standing up.

At the word water, the tramp started convulsively, rolled over and sat up with a dazed expression.

"No water," he said weakly. "No more water," and then, catching Mr. Benshaw's eye, he got rather quickly to his feet. Everybody who wasn't already standing was getting up, and everyone now was rather carefully getting himself off any strawberry plant he had chanced to find himself smashing in the excitement of the occasion.

"That's the man that started in on me," said Mr. Benshaw. "What's he doing here? Who is he?"

"Who are you, my man? What business have you to be careering over this field?" asked Mr. Rymell.

"I was only 'elping," said the tramp.

"Nice help," said Mr. Benshaw.

"I thought that boy was a thief or something."

"And so you made a rush at me."

"I didn't exactly—sir—I thought you was 'elping 'im."

"You be off anyhow," said Mr. Benshaw, "whatever you thought."

"Yes, you be off!" said Mr. Rymell.

"That's the way, my man," said Mr. Benshaw. "We haven't any jobs for you. The sooner we have you out of it the better for everyone. Get right on to the path and keep it." And with a desolating sense of exclusion the tramp withdrew.

"There's pounds and pounds' worth of damage here," said Mr. Benshaw. "This job'll cost me a pretty penny. Look at them berries there. Why, they ain't fit for jam! And all done by one confounded boy." An evil light came into Mr. Benshaw's eyes. "You leave him to me and my chaps. If he's gone up among those sheds there—we'll settle with him. Anyhow there's no reason why my fruit should be trampled worse than it has been. Fruit stealer, you say, he is?"

"They live on the country this time of year," said Mr. Mumby.

"And catch them doing a day's work picking!" said Mr. Benshaw. "I know the sort."

"There's a reward of five pounds for 'im already," said the baker. . . .

YOU perceive how humanitarian motives may sometimes defeat their own end, and how little Lady Laxton's well-intentioned handbills were serving to rescue Bealby. Instead they were turning him into a scared and hunted animal. In spite of its manifest impossibility he was convinced that the reward and this pursuit had to do with his burglary of the poultry farm and that his capture would be but the preliminary to prison, trial, and sentence. His one remaining idea was to get away. But his escape across the market gardens had left him so blown and spent that he was obliged to hide up for a time in this perilous neighborhood before going on. He saw a disused-looking shed in the lowest corner of the gardens behind the greenhouses, and by doubling sharply along a hedge he got to it unseen. It was not disused—nothing in Mr. Benshaw's possession ever was absolutely disused—but it was filled with horticultural lumber, with old calcium carbide tins, with broken wheelbarrows and damaged ladders awaiting repair, with some ragged wheeling planks and surplus rolls of roofing felt. At the back were some unhinged shed doors leaning against the wall, and between them Bealby tucked himself neatly and became still, glad of any respite from the chase.

He would wait for twilight and then get away across the meadows at the back and then go—He didn't know whither.

If there is no harmony in the factory, there will be none in the piano



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UNDERFEED
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(Mark an X after system interested in)

Name.....
Address.....
My Dealer's Name (if.....)



Cut-Out View
Underfeed Furnace



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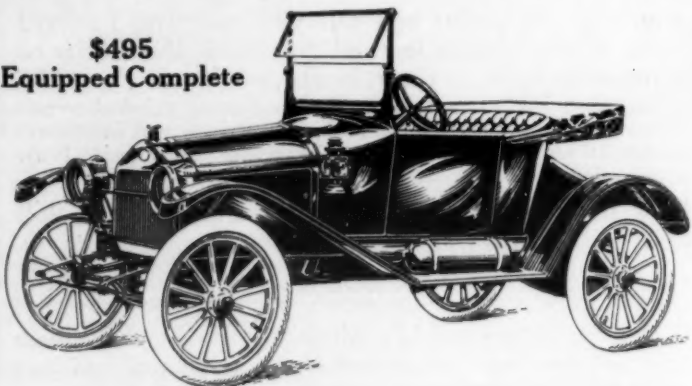
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Truly Yanner

And now he had no confidence in the wild world any more. A qualm of homesickness for the compact little garden-cottage at Shonts came to Bealby. Why, as a matter of fact, wasn't he there now?

He ought to have tried more at Shonts. He ought to have minded what they told him and not have taken up a toasting fork against Thomas. Then he wouldn't now have been a hunted burglar with a reward of five pounds on his head and nothing in his pocket but three-pence and a pack of greasy playing cards, a box of sulphur matches, and various objectionable sundries, none of which were properly his own.

If only he could have his time over again!

SUCH wholesome reflections occupied his thoughts until the onset of the dusk stirred him to departure.

He crept out of his hiding place and stretched his limbs, which had got very stiff, and was on the point of reconnoitering from the door of the shed when he became aware of stealthy footsteps outside.

With the quickness of an animal he shot back into his hiding place. The footsteps had halted. For a long time, it seemed, the unseen waited, listening. Had he heard Bealby?

Then some one fumbled with the door of the shed; it opened and there was a long pause of cautious inspection.

Then the unknown had shuffled into the shed and sat down on a heap of matting.

"Gaw!" said the voice.

The tramp's!

"If ever I struck a left-handed Mascot it was that boy," said the tramp. "The little swine!"

For the better part of two minutes he went on from this mild beginning to a descriptive elaboration of Bealby. For the first time in his life Bealby learned how unfavorable was the impression he might leave on a fellow creature's mind.

"Took even my matches!" cried the tramp, and tried this statement over with variations.

"First that old fool with his syringe!" The tramp's voice rose in angry protest. "Here's a chap dying of epilepsy on your doorstep and all you can do is to squirt cold water at him! Cold water! Why, you might kill a man doing that! And then say you'd thought'd bring 'im rind! Bring 'im rind! You be jolly glad I didn't stash your silly face in. You [misbegotten] old fool! What's a shilling for wetting a man to 'is skin? Wet through I was. Running inside my shirt—dripping. . . . And then the blooming boy clears!"

"I don't know what boys are coming to!" cried the tramp. "These board schools it is. Gets 'old of everything 'e can and bunks! Gaw! if I get my 'ands on 'im, I'll show 'im. I'll—"

FOR some time the tramp reveled in the details, for the most part crudely surgical, of his vengeance upon Bealby. . . .

"Then there's that dog bite. 'Ow do I know 'ow that's going to turn it? If I get 'idrophobia, blowed if I don't bite some of 'em. 'Idrophobia. Screaming and foaming. Nice death for a man—my time o' life! Bark I shall. Bark and bite.

"And this is your world," said the tramp. "This is the world you put people into and expect 'em to be 'appy. . . .

"I'd like to bite that dough-faced fool with the silly 'at. I'd enjoy biting 'im. I'd spit it out but I'd bite it right enough. Wiping abt with 'is 'O Gaw! Get off my ground! Be off with you! Slash! 'E ought to be shut up.

"Where's the justice of it?" shouted the tramp. "Where's the right and the sense of it? What 'ave I done that I should always get the under side? Why should I be stuck on the under side of everything? There's worse men than me in all sorts of positions. . . . Judges there are. 'Orrible Kerectors. Ministers and people. I've read abt 'em in the papers. . . .

"It's we tramps are the scapegoats. Somebody's got to suffer so as the police can show a face. Gaw! Some of these days I'll do something. . . . I'll do something. You'll drive me too far with it. I tell you—"

HE stopped suddenly and listened. Bealby had creaked.

"Gaw! What can one do?" said the tramp after a long interval. And then,

complaining more gently, the tramp began to feel about to make his simple preparations for the night.

"Unt me out of this, I expect," said the tramp. "And many sleeping in feather beds that ain't fit to 'old a candle to me. Not a hordinary farthing candle. . . ."

THE subsequent hour or so was an interval of tedious tension for Bealby.

After vast spaces of time he was suddenly aware of three vertical threads of light. He stared at them with mysterious awe, until he realized that they were just the moonshine streaming through the cracks of the shed.

The tramp tossed and muttered in his sleep.

Footsteps?

Yes—footsteps.

Then voices.

They were coming along by the edge of the field, and coming and talking very discreetly.

"Ugh!" said the tramp, and then softly: "What's that?" Then he, too, became noiselessly attentive.

Bealby could hear his own heart beating.

The men were now close outside the shed. "He wouldn't go in there," said Mr. Benshaw's voice. "He wouldn't dare. Anyhow we'll go up by the glass first. I'll let him have the whole barrelful of oats if I get a glimpse of him. If he'd gone away, they'd have caught him in the road. . . ."

The footsteps receded. There came a cautious rustling on the part of the tramp and then his feet padded softly to the door of the shed. He struggled to open it, and then with a jerk got it open a few inches; a great bar of moonlight leaped and lay still across the floor of the shed.

Bealby advanced his head cautiously until he could see the black, obscure indications of the tramp's back as he peeped out.

"Now," whispered the tramp, and opened the door wider. Then he ducked his head down and had darted out of sight, leaving the door open behind him.

BEALBY questioned whether he should follow. He came out a few steps, and then went back at a shout from away up the garden. "There he goes," shouted a voice, "in the shadow of the hedge."

"Look out, Jim!" Bang—and a yelp.

"Stand away! I've got another barrel!"

Bang. Then silence for a time and then the footsteps coming back.

"That ought to teach him," said Mr. Benshaw. "First time I got him fair and I think I peppered him a bit the second. Couldn't see very well, but I heard him yell. He won't forget that in a hurry. Not him. There's nothing like oats for fruit stealers. Jim, just shut that door, will you? That's where he was hiding. . . ."

It seemed a vast time to Bealby before he ventured out into the summer moonlight, and a very pitiful and outcast little Bealby he felt himself to be.

He was beginning to realize what it means to go beyond the narrow securities of human society. He had no friends, no friends at all. . . .

HE caught at and arrested a sob of self-pity.

Perhaps after all it was not so late as Bealby had supposed. There were still lights in some of the houses and he had the privilege of seeing Mr. Benshaw going to bed with pensive deliberation. Mr. Benshaw wore a flannel nightshirt and said quite a lengthy prayer before extinguishing his candle. Then suddenly Bealby turned nervously and made off through the hedge. A dog had barked.

At first there were nearly a dozen lighted windows in Crayminster. They went out one by one. He hung for a long time with a passionate earnestness on the sole surviving one, but that, too, went at last.

He could have wept when at last it winked out. He came down into the marshy flats by the river, but he did not like the way in which the water sucked and swirled in the vague moonlight; also he suddenly discovered a great white horse standing quite still in the misty grass not thirty yards away; so he went up to and crossed the high-road and wandered up the hillside toward the allotments, which attracted him by reason of the sociability of the

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Next year, in 1915, the whole world will celebrate the opening of the Panama canal; that marvelous highway connecting East and West will be then in use for the fleets of all nations. The most important thing at the western end of that canal, at least for you and the other patriotic citizens of this country, is California; and the most interesting part of California is Southern California.

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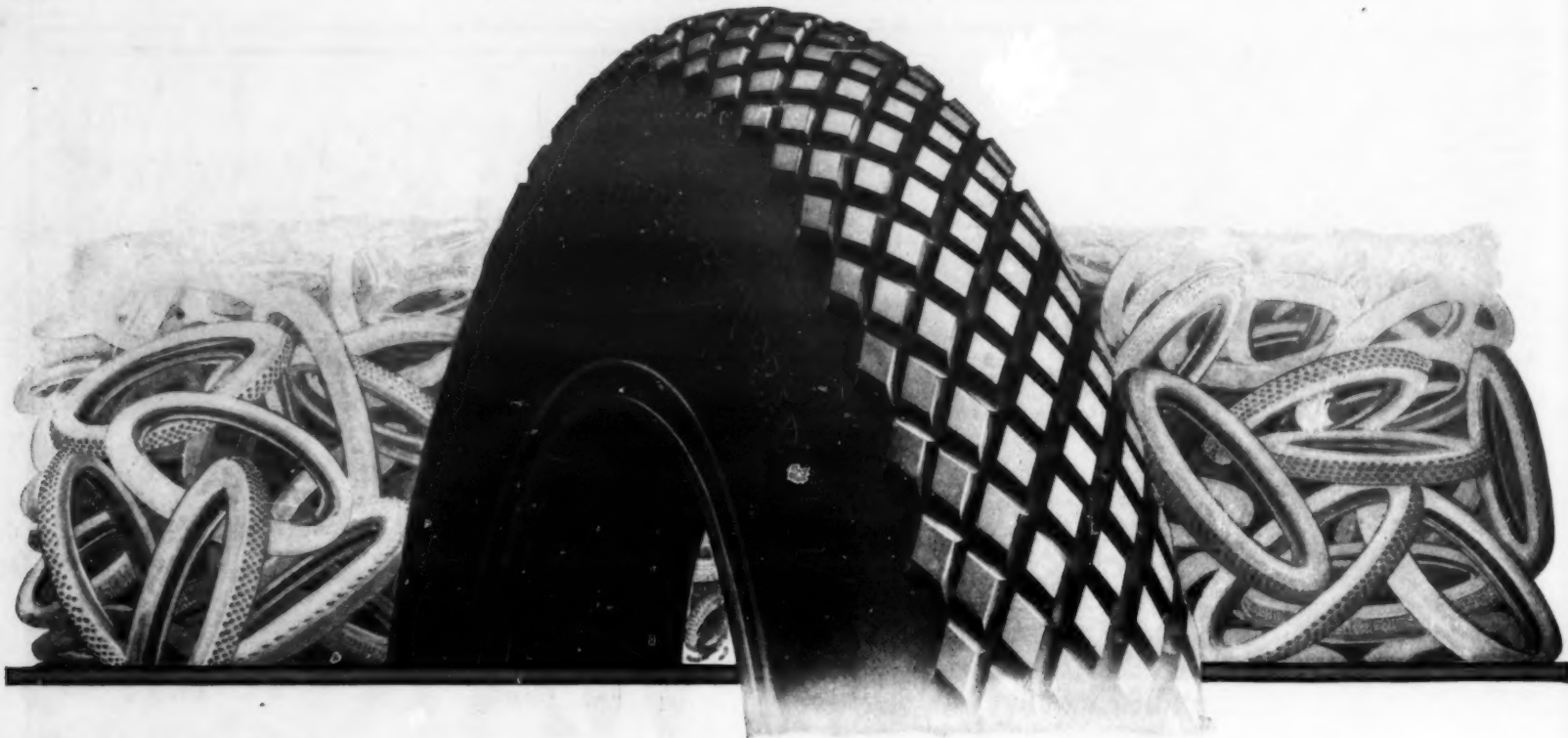
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Dear Sir:

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Fanciful things don't count here. Nor does exclusiveness. Tires are mere utilities.

And Goodyear prices—due to mammoth output—count just as much as other Goodyear savings.

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The real aristocrats in Tiredom are No-Rim-Cut tires. They out-sell any other.

By exclusive features and extra quality they won the ruling place. These are the royalty of Tiredom as class is measured there.

Yet many makes of tires are selling for more than Goodyear prices.

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These things, in Tiredom, are the sole criterions of class.

No rim-cutting. We prevent that in a faultless way—a way which we control. It saves a ruin which is wrecking one old-type tire in three, as per our last statistics.

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Lowest cost per mile. These features, plus low Goodyear prices, insure that to our users. And hundreds of thousands have proved it.

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No-Rim-Cut tires don't pose as extra-priced. They once sold for more than rival tires, because of these costly features. But mammoth out-

put and new efficiency cut that cost immensely, and you get all the saving. Our average profit last year was 6½ per cent.

First we saved you rim-cuts, blow-outs and loose treads. Now we save you in the price per tire. As a result, men now are buying, on the average, 125,000 Goodyear automobile tires per month.

True Extra Value

We know but two ways to get extra value for an extra price. The price of some tires will buy you a half-inch wider Goodyear. That extra size, of course, means extra service. Or the price of three tires, extra-priced, will buy you four of Goodyears. And four tires will surely outlast three.

But, size for size, you'll never find a better tire than Goodyears. In the four ways cited you'll find none as good.

Remember that. High price marks class in some things, but it's a detriment in tires. It adds to dead expense.

Any dealer will supply you Goodyear tires at Goodyear prices if you tell him that you want them.



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numerous tool sheds. In a hedge near at hand a young rabbit squealed sharply and was still. Why?

Then something like a short snake scurried by very fast through the grass. Then he thought he saw the tramp stalking him noiselessly behind some currant bushes. That went on for some time, but came to nothing.

Then nothing pursued him, nothing at all. The gap, the void, came after him. The bodiless, the faceless, the formless; these are evil hunters in the night. . . .

What a cold, still, watching thing moonlight can be! . . .

He thought he would like to get his back against something solid, and found near one of the sheds a little heap of litter. He sat down against good tarred boards, assured at least that whatever came must come in front. Whatever he did, he was resolved, he would not shut his eyes.

That would be fatal. . . .

He awoke in broad daylight amid a cheerful uproar of birds.

AND then again flight and pursuit were resumed.

As Bealby went up the hill away from Crayminster he saw a man standing over a spade and watching his retreat, and when he looked back again presently this man was following. It was Lady Laxton's five-pound reward had done the thing for him.

He was half minded to surrender and have done with it, but jail, he knew, was a dreadful thing of stone and darkness. He would make one last effort. So he beat along the edge of a plantation and then crossed it and forced his way through some gorse and came upon a sunken road that crossed the hill in a gorse-lined cutting. He struggled down the steep bank. At its foot, regardless of him, unaware of him, a man sat beside a motor bicycle with his fists gripped tight and his head downward, swearing. A county map was crumpled in his hand. "Damn!" he cried, and flung the map to the ground and kicked it and put his foot on it.

Bealby slipped, came down the bank with a run, and found himself in the road within a couple of yards of the blond features and angry eyes of Captain Douglas. When he saw the Captain and perceived himself recognized, he flopped down—a done and finished Bealby. . . .

HE had arrived just in time to interrupt the Captain in a wild and reprehensible fit of passion.

The Captain imagined it was a secret fit of passion. He thought he was quite alone and that no one could hear him or see him. So he had let himself shout and stamp, to work off the nervous tensions that tormented him beyond endurance.

In the direst sense of the words, the Captain was in love with Madeleine. He was in love quite beyond the bounds set by refined and decorous people to this dangerous passion. The primordial savage that lurks in so many of us was up-

permost in him. He was not in love with her prettily or delicately; he was in love with her violently and vehemently. He wanted to be with her, he wanted to be close to her, he wanted to possess her and nobody else to approach her. He was so inflamed now that no other interest in life had any importance except as it aided or interfered with this desire. He had forced himself in spite of this fever in his blood to leave her to pursue Bealby, and now he was regretting this firmness furiously. He had expected to catch Bealby overnight and bring him back to the hotel in triumph. But Bealby had been elusive. There she was, away there, hurt and indignant—neglected!

"A laggard in love," cried the Captain, "a dastard in war! God!—I run away from everything. First I leave the maneuvers, then her. Unstable as water thou shalt not prevail. Water! What does the confounded boy matter? What does he matter?"

"And there she is. Alone! She'll flirt—naturally she'll flirt. Don't I deserve it? Haven't I asked for it? Just the one little time we might have had together! I fling it in her face. You fool, you laggard, you dastard! And here's this map!"

A BREATHING moment.

"How the devil," cried the Captain, "am I to find the little beast on this map?"

"And twice he's been within reach of my hand!"

"No decision!" cried the Captain. "No instant grip! What good is a soldier without it? What good is any man who will not leap at opportunity? I ought to have chased out last night after that fool and his oats. Then I might have had a chance!"

"Chuck it! Chuck the whole thing! Go back to her. Kneel to her, kiss her, compel her!"

"And what sort of reception am I likely to get?"

He crumpled the flapping map in his fist.

And then suddenly out of nowhere Bealby came rolling down to his feet, a disheveled and earthy Bealby. But Bealby.

"Good Lord!" cried the Captain, starting to his feet and holding the map like a sword sheath. "What do you want?"

For a second Bealby was a silent spectacle of misery.

"Oooh! I want my breckfuss," he burst out at last, reduced to tears.

"Are you young Bealby?" asked the Captain, seizing him by the shoulder.

"They're after me," cried Bealby. "If they catch me, they'll put me in prison, where they don't give you anything. It wasn't me did it—and I haven't had anything to eat—not since yesterday."

The Captain came rapidly to a decision. There should be no more faltering. He saw his way clear before him. He would act—like a whistling sword. "Here! jump up behind," he said. "hold on tight to me . . ."

(To be continued next week)

Marconi vs. Hymen

(Continued from page 10)

we'd be waiting for you when this here steamer come in. My name is Davis and I'm a police officer," he added with a surreptitious dash of a nicked star. "We've got a telegram from the Chicago police to hold you until your father comes to get you, so I guess it's you for police headquarters with me, Miss Weber. Sorry to bust up your little trip this way, but I've got to do it." He turned and took a few steps to the rail.

LENA, dissolved in tears long before the official explanation of Officer Davis was concluded, again sought to interfere.

"You're making a mistake," she began hysterically. "I won't allow this—"

Miss McMullen slipped an arm about her shoulders and drew the weeping girl close to her.

"Keep still!" she whispered. "This is your only chance—don't you see it? Nothing can happen to me. If Billy is waiting for you on the pier, run along and get married. If he isn't, take a train for home. They won't hold me more than an hour or two and in the meantime you can fade away. Keep your nerve and it'll come out all right."

The detective, leaning against the rail on both elbows, smiled at them tolerantly when Birdie looked up.

"I hope I didn't scare your friend," he suggested.

"No, she hasn't had a good look at you so far," she retorted. "What am I supposed to have put over—safe blowing or a train holdup? My little friend here didn't know she was traveling with a famous crook."

"You ought to know," he grinned. "All we got was a wire from headquarters in Chi asking us to meet this boat and take Lena Weber off and hold her until her father comes for her. If you was beating it away from home, you didn't cover your tracks very good, seeing that the old man got next to what steamer you was on the first thing."

"You don't know how smart he is," Birdie rejoined lightly. "He'd have been a copper only he never could wear shoes bigger than nines and that barred him. You don't mind my handing a few farewell messages to my friend here, do you? If I'm going to jail, I've got a lot of things to tell her."

Davis took the hint good-humoredly.

"Go as far as you like," he said, moving still further away from the couple. "Only I'll have to escort you when we get in. And as far as going to jail is concerned, there's nothing doing there," he added. "When we hold you run-aways from Chi all you got to do is sit



WAR

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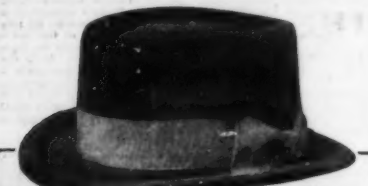
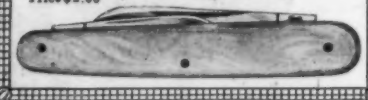
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in a rocker in the matron's room until somebody comes to take you home."

IT required all of Miss McMullen's persuasive powers to make Lena consent to her continuing in the rôle she had undertaken. The runaway insisted that she would not shoulder off her troubles so readily and go blithely on her way to the altar, leaving Birdie in the hands of the law. But before the steamer docked that resourceful young woman had made her realize that the chance happening of the wireless message being delivered to her was the key to the situation; that nothing was to be gained by revealing identities, and that Miss McMullen could save the day by sitting around at police headquarters a few hours while Miss Weber was being wedded to her William.

"If you want him, this is the time to grab him," Birdie advised her. "He might not be so keen for running away again if you get dragged home by your father. If you marry him to-day, the old man's abduction charges go up in smoke; if you don't, he might be able to put something across on your fair-haired boy when the case comes to trial. You see what you've got to lose by getting chatty around here. Don't worry about me for a minute—I'm going to enjoy it, and when your dad comes to take you home, I'll hand him a line of conversation that will make him wish he'd sent for you by parcel post."

SO at length Lena saw things that way and agreed, though with many misgivings, to Miss McMullen's program. In pursuance thereof she went down the gangplank several minutes in advance of Birdie and the lantern-jawed detective, and therefore that eagle-eyed sleuth did not see a tall young man hurtle through the crowd of chattering vacationists and throw his arms about her.

"Lena!" he exclaimed rapturously. Miss Weber threw a scared glance over her shoulder and tugged at his arm excitedly.

"Don't call me by my name like that, Billy," she whispered. "It ain't safe."

"What do you mean, it ain't safe?" he demanded. "Did you get my message? Has anybody been botherin' you?"

"Come on and I'll tell you about it," she said. "Oh, Billy, I had such a narrow escape! It was something terrible!"

And Miss McMullen, watching from the rail by the grace of Officer Davis while the crowd slowly filed ashore, smiled as she saw them eagerly elbowing their way toward the town.

IN the matron's room at the police station an hour later Peter Weber, the well-known dyer and cleaner, was gloomily listening to Miss McMullen's philosophy, which she expounded for him with a lightness and grace wholly out of keeping with her surroundings. His first wild ravings of rage and disgust had passed; the anathemas he had called down upon the police force of South Haven, upon William Harding, grocer's assistant, and upon society in general, had disturbed nobody in particular, and after a time he had calmed down under Birdie's soothing suggestions.

"You remember the time you married Mrs. Weber, don't you?" she said from the depths of a rocker where she had been reading a magazine until his arrival.

"Sure I do," he returned, facing about in surprise.

"Did anybody wish you on to her?" Birdie demanded. "Did her father pick you out and trot you up to her and say: 'Give this party the once over. You're going to marry him next month?'"

"Who, me?" Weber said, settling his coat lapels complacently. "I should say not! My wife picked me for herself."

"Well, what's the matter with you giving Lena the same chance?" she said. "It's a whole lot better all around. You talk about wanting your daughter to marry a man with money and a business. I'll bet you weren't round-shouldered from carrying your roll when you married."

WEBER waved his hands impatiently. "Oh, that's different!" he said. "I knew I could get along all right. What's this fellow Harding going to do, eh? Come down on me for housekeeping money? Not much he don't, by jinnety!"

"He hasn't swung on you very hard so far," she suggested. "And he looks to me like a pretty game boy for a son-in-law—one that's more than likely to get by with anything he starts. For instance, you didn't have him bluffed for a minute to-day with all your warrants



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Many are planning to take advantage of this opportunity, and great benefits to both manufacturer and consumer will ultimately result.

and police and prosecutions. As soon as he got out of the police station he went right through with his little program—sent a wireless to his girl, grabbed the first train for here, met her at the dock and took her away to a minister's. You can't beat that much for speed and game-ness, can you?"

"No, he beat me, all right—with you helping out," the old man admitted, and Miss McMullen saw the shadow of a smile flit around the corners of the grim old mouth. He was seeing Billy Harding in a new light. For the first time he was regarding the young fellow as a possibility and the prospect was not so unpleasing.

"Yes, and if you try to start any more rough work, believe me, he'll go right along with you to the finish," Birdie said. "He's that build, if I'm any judge. And don't forget to remember something else that's very important. Mr. Weber, Lena is still your daughter, but by this time she's Billy's wife. That makes things a whole lot different from what they were at ten o'clock this morning when that steamer started for here."

WEBER was staring out of the window. For a few moments he did not reply, but cleared his throat huskily. "Yes, she's still my daughter," he said then. "And, by jimminty, that young Harding ain't such a bad feller, when you come to look at it. Maybe if he got his chance—"

There was a knock at the door and the matron opened it and looked in brightly at Miss McMullen. Birdie's status had long since been established with the police.

"Some folks to see you," she said.

"May they come in?"

From behind her Lena and Billy swarmed into the room without waiting for permission, hand in hand and smiling happily upon the world.

"Well, we're married!" Billy shouted, and then stopped short at sight of his father-in-law. Lena advanced a timorous step and Herr Weber relieved the situation by opening his arms.

"It's all right, children," he said. "I'm an old fool, I guess. Miss McMullen thinks so, and what she thinks is pretty near right. Come on—we'll all go home after we've had a wedding supper some place. You'll come along with us, too?" he added, turning to the heroine of the day.

BIRDIE was standing beside the smiling matron, drawing on her gloves. "No, thanks," she said. "I'll just run along to the Sterlingworth before Evelyn Maguire has a fit, thinking I've done a Kellermann off the steamer. You folks can have your little family party without me, all right. But there's one thing I'm going to ask of you, Mr. Weber."

"Sure! You can have it now!" he declared happily, his arms around the grinning newlyweds. "What is it, Miss McMullen?"

"Next time I'm arrested," Birdie said, "I'll expect you to write me a swell reference."

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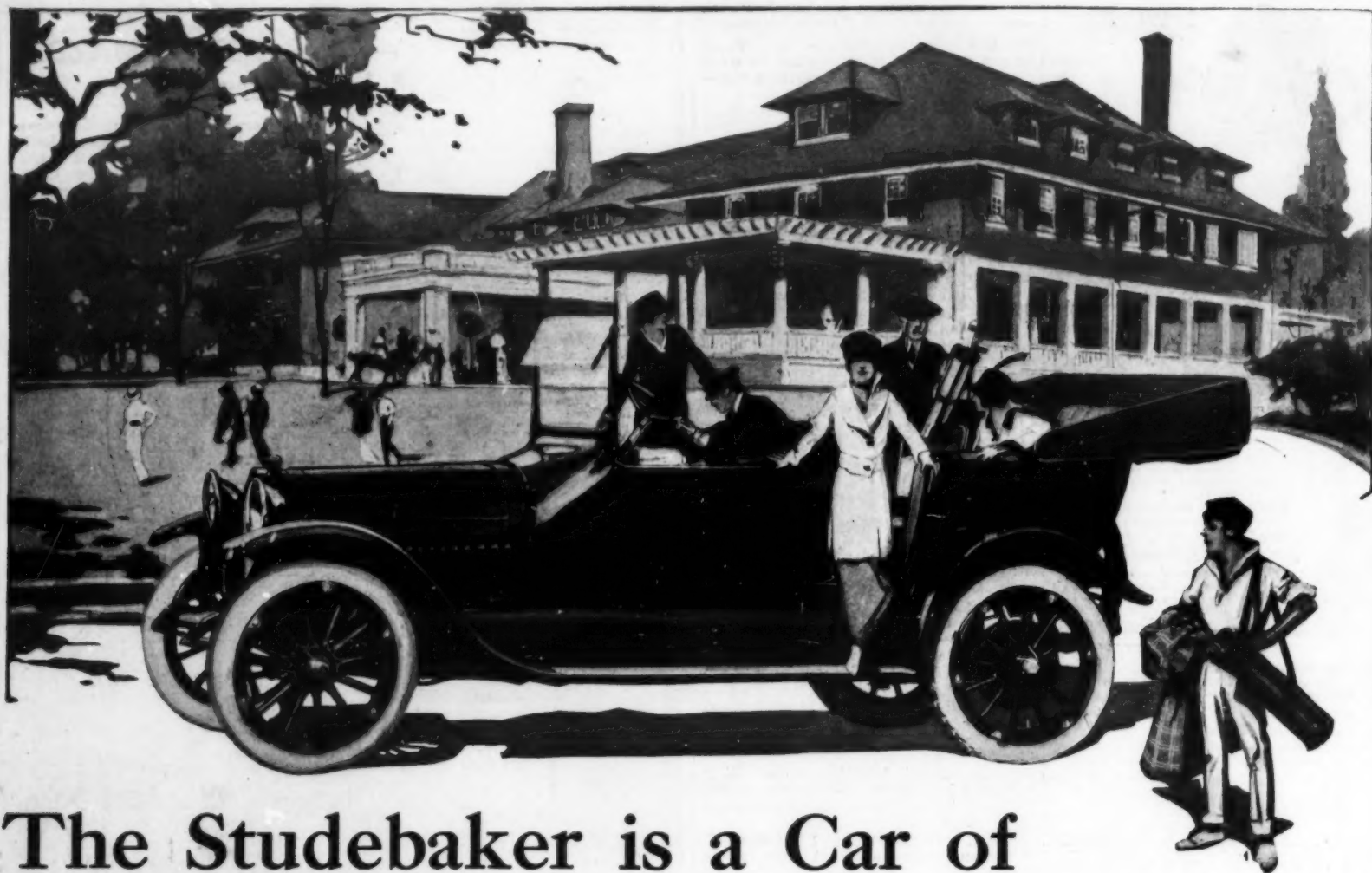
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